

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXI.—No. 277.
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NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1895.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



"Then, sliding to the ground, she bent her head in prayer."

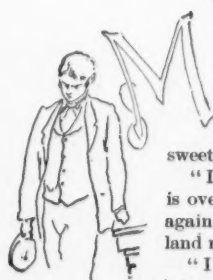
LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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V.—(Continued).



mother. I want you! and I've got you, and I shall keep you. Try to get away if you dare. You can't."

A sound behind them made them both start, and, turning himself, Desmond beheld Peebles standing in the doorway. He turned away to brush the tears from his eyes, but Dulcie hailed the old man with delight.

"Come in, Mr. Peebles," she cried, "and talk to this stubborn boy. He won't listen to me a bit."

"Is that so?" said Peebles, dryly, scratching at the scrap of

gray whisker which decorated his cheek. "I thought just now he seemed very attentive to your discourse. Desmond, laddie," he continued, "my lord has sent me after you. Noo, noo; ye'll just hear me deliver my message. He's out of his mind, almost; clean daft, and neither pancreatic emulsion nor leever pills will hae much power to help him through in this trouble, I'm thinking."

"Tell Lord Kilpatrick, from me," said Desmond, when he could trust his voice, "that I've done with him."

"Hoot, lad!" said Peebles. "Blood's thicker than water. Ye can't shake off the ties of relationship in that fashion, and cast awa' the father that begot ye, like an old glove. And after all, ye ken, he is your father."

"No!" said Desmond. "He's no father of mine."

"Then he himself is sairly mista'en," quoth the old servitor.

"He's been leevin' for years under that impression."

"The man who broke my mother's heart is neither kith nor kin of mine. Dulcie, good-bye. God bless you for all your goodness. You must try to forget me."

"Oh, Desmond!" cried the girl, "you can't leave me; you can't, dear. Stay! Stay for my sake, I implore you!"

"To be pointed at by every one as the wretched thing I am! To know that my mother's name is a byword, and I merely an

outcast! Ye don't know what it is ye ask me. 'Tis more than I can bear."

"For my sake, Desmond!"

"I can't," cried the poor, proud boy; "I can't, even for your sake."

"And whaur are ye going?" asked Peebles. "Eh, Desmond, lad, that will ye do?"

"Sing! Anywhere, to hide meself from those that have known me. The world's wide, old friend; don't fear for me."

"Stop!" cried Peebles. "Syn' ye will go, listen to a word I hae to say to ye. Ne'er think shame o' the mither that bore ye, Desmond. I kenned her, lad; I kenned her weel. She was a brave woman, as true and honest as she was loving, and 'twas for your sake that she took the wery road o' deith."

Desmond broke into sobs again, and the old man, seeing him thus softened, went on:

"There's just one thing ye'll promise me, lad. Before ye gang awa', see me once more, and maybe I can help ye yet."

"I'll promise ye that," said Desmond, "if ye'll give me a promise in return. Ye'll tell me of my mother?"

"Aye, lad, I'll tell ye all I know. There's no word o' shame for her in a' the stori, whatever shame there may be for ither."

(Continued on page 6.)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 307 Herald Building,
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Reuter Dahl.

JULY 4, 1895.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

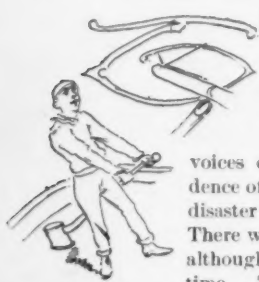
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Cable address—"JUDGEARK."

Impertinence Deservedly Rebuked.

THE attempt of Senator Carter, of Montana, and certain other so-called party leaders, in the recent Republican League Convention at Cleveland, to formulate a policy for the party and commit it definitely to free silver-coinage was as sublime a piece of impertinence as we have any recollection of. Undoubtedly every member of that convention had a right to his personal opinion as to this monetary question, but the Republican League is in no sense authorized to define the party policy. Its members are followers—if they are anything—instead of leaders. The only legitimate and authorized voice of the Republican party of the country is that which finds expression in the national convention, composed of delegates elected under definite rules in every constituency, for the express purpose of selecting the party candidates and determining the party polity. Mr. Carter and the gentlemen who undertook to forestall the action of the national Presidential convention could in no way have so largely contributed to the injury of Republican prospects as by seeking, through the irresponsible league, to usurp the legitimate functions of the authoritative national body. Mr. Carter's action is the less excusable because, being chairman of the National Republican Committee, his course will be widely construed as representative. Every Democratic newspaper in the country will seize upon his action and utilize it as evidence that the party is actually in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver. The fact that the convention repudiated his leadership and adhered to the platform laid down by the last Republican National Convention does not in the least mitigate the character of his offense.

It is about time that the Republicans of the country should be represented by a committee which is in harmony with the dominant party sentiment, and that the attempt of persons connected with it to commit the party to doctrines which are prejudicial to the highest public interests should be vigorously repudiated all along the line.

The Young Men of this Century.



HERE is a curious parallel between the closing years of the nineteenth and the eighteenth centuries. If we seek the records and the sermons of a hundred years ago we find many voices of despair lamenting the decadence of the young men and predicting disaster to the coming generations. There was an easy explanation of this, although it did not appear at that time. The Revolutionary War had been a period of the severest trial, and the early days of the government had been beset with difficulties that engaged the strictest attention of the people. They were great church-goers in those troublous days, and the sermons were long and lurid. As the new experiment in self-government became surer and stronger there came a relaxation of the moral strain, a reaction against the religious stringency of the dark and uncertain times. Naturally the first to revolt were the young men, and instead of sitting quietly and uncomfortably upon the hard benches through discourses that seldom failed to remind them of brimstone and the dangers of frivolity, they began to wait outside until the Doxology was sung and then to escort the girls home, just as they do in many rural places to-day. This fact was taken to mean that the country was drifting into godless ways, and that unless there came a change it could not endure. Recently we have heard much similar pessimism from the pulpit. A leading Protestant clergyman said in a sermon, the other day, that the worst problem that confronted the church was how to get the young men interested in religious matters. "It is appalling to think," he said, "that only one young man in eleven in the large cities is to be found in church on Sunday." A prominent prelate of the Catholic Church declared that the hardest work was to get the young men to church; and a rabbi has said that the same difficulty was found in the synagogues. All the denominations offer testimony to one effect. The reader of this has only to run over the young men of his

acquaintance to find how true it is that they are lax in real religious interest. The cause of it we cannot fully see at this time. Years hence it may be plain.

But while the fact is evident, it will not do to argue that it means a hopeless deterioration. In ability, in serious devotion to work, in direct hold upon the living interests and industries and issues of the country, in manhood and character and in the earnest duties of life, the young men of this generation stand well in the van of the world's development. If their energies were withdrawn from the affairs of the country for a single hour the vast machinery of the government and trade and commerce would be paralyzed. They are the motive power that keeps things moving, and it is their tireless zeal and effort that make progress and civilization. Perhaps they are too busy, too deeply immersed in the peaceful strifes, too closely devoted to the pursuit of wealth and reputation and position, to give their attention to religion. This is, we believe, the chief ground of the preachers; the young men will not spare time to the welfare of their own souls, or at least to the services of the church. It is a severe charge against them, and yet the young men of to-day cannot be called irreligious. They are more moral than they ever have been. They have higher and better standards of manhood and character. They are more liberal and more tolerant, but they are very largely controlled by two conditions. One is, the large number of things that claim their time; and the other is the close application necessary in each special calling. It is an age of generalization and of specialization, and the young man in trying for the first, in order to be broadly cultured, devotes what time he has left to the incessant and increasing demand of his own business or profession. He is broad in one and narrow in the other, and he finds himself too much employed to be as good a church-member as he ought to be.

In running over the records of the century it is interesting to notice in what ways and in what directions the young men have succeeded. The first fact which stands out most conspicuously is that nearly all of them who amounted to anything began very poor. The world probably owes more to poverty than to anything else, and the review of a hundred years shows that about the largest misfortune that can happen to a young man is a fortune in his youth. The list of Presidents, the list of millionaires and benefactors and inventors and railroad kings and men in the professions, are all illustrations of this fact. The next thing is that most of the success was achieved by country boys. A celebrated physician has compiled statistics showing surprising facts in this respect. It was, of course, due to the sturdy mental and physical health these boys got in their rural homes. At the beginning of the century the average age of the leading figures of the world was much younger than it is now. Napoleon in Europe, and Jefferson and Hamilton in this country, were comparatively young men. As we come down through the century we see that in politics and in positions of trust age has lost none of its hold on the public faith, but in the freer professions, in arts and literature and science and trade, and in all avocations offering free opportunity, the young men have steadily and persistently won their way to success, and reduced those years of waiting which were at one time thought to be proper in the career of every youth. Age has little to do with success nowadays, and in thousands of places where gray heads used to rule, youth now holds the power with firm and equal hand. The man to-day makes his mark or his fortune much earlier than he used to do, and it is this economy of time, this forcing of merit to its prompt reward, which has been the greatest work of youth in the nineteenth century.

Another Miscarriage of Justice.

THE Republicans of the New Jersey Legislature did not cover themselves with glory at the recent special session of that body. The investigation of the Senate committee into various departments of the State administration had disclosed the existence of unparalleled venality and corruption on the part of public officials, and an overwhelming public opinion demanded that at least one of these offenders, who by his own confession had made improper use of public moneys, should be impeached. The impeachment of the Governor for a gross and unwarranted use of the appointing power in constituting the Court of Pardons with especial reference to relieving the "Big Four" race-track gamblers from the punishment to which they had been condemned by the courts was also demanded by the press and the best public sentiment. The Republicans, being in control of both houses of the Legislature, were expected to adopt procedures to that end. Instead of doing so they permitted themselves to be seduced by pressure of some of the party leaders into a straight-out betrayal of their duty, so that, so far as they are concerned, the investigation has resulted in a flat and dismal failure. Then, too, the grand jury of Mercer County, where the capital is situated, drawn by a Republican sheriff, indicted only one of the principal offenders. To say that there is deep popular disappointment over these failures of the dominant party to subject faithless and dishonest public officials to the punishment they deserve, but feebly expresses the general feeling throughout the State. As the case stands, the Republican party will be put on the defensive, where it might have made an aggressive fight for

civic righteousness, in the next campaign, and it will lose the support of thousands who, had it been true to itself, would have voted for its candidates and strengthened its hands for continuous work in the direction of reform.

The Ideal Vacation.



BOSTON newspaper has recently published a number of interviews with representatives of various professions and pursuits, embodying their ideas as to what constitutes "an ideal vacation." As might be expected, the participants in this symposium differ widely in their views. It is

in the nature of the case that every man's opinions on this, as on other matters, should be determined largely by his personal environment and the circumstances and conditions in which he lives. Age, also, as well as individual tastes, has much to do with the decision of all matters of personal enjoyment. Youthful enthusiasm and the sobriety of age see things with different eyes and estimate values with very different measures. So, too, the man of affairs, resting under the pressure of grave responsibilities, will find in the recreations which have a peculiar relish for the man of leisure no enjoyment whatever. Ex-Governor Long expresses in his interview just this thought when he says: "My ideal of a vacation is a farm on the top of a Maine hill, with a view of fields and farms, hills and slopes, orchard, meadow, and river," with the privilege of wandering far and near, tramping over the country roads, and renewing the associations of rural life. Governor Greenhalge expresses the same idea with even greater emphasis when he says: "My ideal vacation is to be free from office-seekers, in a place where I am not obliged to give opinions on matters which are not before me, or to consider speculative ideas; an opportunity to take rational physical exercise, and to pursue the study of literature, political justice, and poetry, in the society of family and friends."

A prominent Boston lawyer describes his ideal vacation as "absolute vegetation—breathing, sleeping, floating on summer seas; that is all." Still another person expresses the thought that for those whose employment is routine the change should be as absolute as it can be made.

And this, we think, is the true and proper view of the subject. That is the ideal vacation which most largely re-enforces the wasted mental and physical tissue—which widens thought and experience, and builds up and equips the man as a whole. That high and beneficent end will only be surely accomplished when the vacation secures absolute divorce from normal employments and environment, and opens pages of nature and affords contact with phases of life not ordinarily studied. The office and the counting-room must find their antithesis in the restfulness of the seaside and the mountain, or in the hush and quietude of the farm-side, or in the delicious indolence of an ocean voyage. The preacher, the lawyer, the man of letters, must replenish the depleted stores of vitality by getting into touch with nature's ruder forms—in the pleasures of the sportsman and in muscular pastimes regulated by good judgment. A week of fishing in some Adirondack lake, or of tramping amid the solitudes of the wilderness, will do more to brighten and refresh the jaded brain and body of such an one than all the medicaments known to all the pharmacists of the world. One of the ablest divines within our knowledge, who ranks as a worker among the foremost men of the pulpit, never having an idle hour for nine months in the year, camps out for six weeks or so every summer in the heart of the North Woods, where he has established a reputation for expertness in taking trout and deer which fairly rivals his city fame as a preacher and fisher for men; and it is only in this way that he is able to do effectively the great and useful work which his calling devolves upon him. Men get awry physically and mentally because they get out of harmony with Nature; because they violate her laws and treat her warnings with disdain. It is only when they reconcile themselves to her demands and set their pulses to the rhythm of her own that they can fully recover the power to make the best possible use of their faculties.

Every year scores of men in every large community die of overwork—of a perverse misuse of the rich natural endowment which has been bestowed upon them. The world all around invites to rest and repose; the birds sing, the brooks babble, the mountains beckon, the sea woos, but they heed none of the voices that call. Delving, toiling, struggling—never at rest—they go on year after year accumulating burdens and cares, becoming more and more indifferent every day to life's kindlier offices, to social and to public obligations, until at last, suddenly, the tense cord snaps, the vital forces stagnate, and there is an end of everything—just a bit of wreckage drifting helplessly on the world's hurrying currents. Possibly there are some men and women who are so held in the grip of adverse fortune that they cannot break away now and then from pitiless frets and worries and lie fallow for a day or two; all such must be objects of pity to every thoughtful observer; but as for those who, having opportunities of rest within easy reach, refuse to enjoy them—who persist in antagonizing nature and reason in their

eager lust for gold or some prize that will after a while turn to ashes in the grasp—the world can only regard their folly with amazement not unmingled with contempt.

A Successful Journalist.



JOHN R. MCLEAN.

THE great improvement made in the *Morning Journal* of this city is attracting public attention to its new owner. The task set for Mr. John R. McLean is a severe one, but if there is any man who can accomplish it, this vigorous Western journalist will do so. Mr. McLean, who is a self-made man in spite of a rich and admiring father, was born in Cincinnati, married in Washington, and recently initiated into the responsibilities of successful newspaper making in New York City. He is an erect, sturdily-proportioned man of some five feet ten inches in height, short-haired, keen-eyed, and full of the vim of the Scotch-Irishman tempered by the shrewdness of the Buckeye. Washington McLean, for many years one of the most potent Democratic factors in the public life of Ohio, and a highly-esteemed citizen of Cincinnati, founded there many years ago the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a daily newspaper distinctly alone in its class, a great money-maker, and a power for good or evil in the Queen City. Into its editorship and ownership John R. McLean grew up, manifesting from the beginning extraordinary sagacity in the judgment of men and affairs. He speedily became a very rich man, removed his residence to Washington—also the home of his sister, the wife of General Hazen, United States Army—and there married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who has made his handsome residence widely known for refined hospitality. Mr. McLean has recently purchased the *Morning Journal*, a New York newspaper which needed just such a thorough course of drastics and tonics as that through which he now is putting it with gratifying results. He retains his ownership of the *Enquirer*, a most valuable property, and his residence in Washington. The managers of the *Journal's* elder brothers in the morning field are watching its growth with that delightful mixture of anxiety and admiration which indexes the sincerest respect.



THE Irish citizens of the United States have done a good deal to promote the cause of home rule in Ireland, but there are some of them who are apparently anxious to bring both the cause and themselves into contempt. Nothing could be more absurd than a proposal to resort to armed intervention in behalf of Irish emancipation, and yet that is just what was suggested at a recent convention of Irish-American military organizations in this city. At this convention resolutions were adopted declaring that the time has arrived for Irishmen to unite and prepare for a grand armed struggle for the independence of Ireland, and with this end in view all the Irish military organizations in the country are urged to affiliate. Whether this means that another Fenian demonstration is to be undertaken from American soil, or some other method is to be adopted for breaking the British hold over Ireland, we have no means of knowing, but any scheme which may involve an appeal to force will cover those engaged in it with ridicule, and tend to weaken popular sympathy with the Irish cause.

DOES prohibition prohibit? It certainly does not in Maine, where the principle has been applied under the best possible conditions. There, if anywhere in the world, public sentiment has been in sympathy with the law, and the conditions were peculiarly favorable to its enforcement. But it is not enforced. Proof of this fact is found in the circumstance that in some parts of the State leagues are being formed for the purpose of compelling the authorities to do their duty. In several towns, on a recent Sunday, all the clergy preached on the subject of the violation of the law and the protection of liquor-dealers by "political influence"—one of the number stating that there were in his town forty places which ought to be indicted for the sale of liquor contrary to law. Testimony like this from the friends of prohibition has a significance which cannot be underrated. It may not be conclusive, but it certainly demonstrates that the liquor-traffic cannot be suppressed or drunkenness cured by legislation, however drastic in character or sumptuary in its details. Undoubtedly prohibition has diminished the evils of the traffic and helped to destroy its influence as a factor in civic affairs, but it does not accomplish what its friends have claimed it would accomplish; it does not prohibit.

A NOVEL industry has recently been discovered by the Post-office Department. It consists in the furnishing of essays upon all sorts of subjects by a firm which has gone regularly into the business of supplementing the mental

indolence of college and high-school students. The circulars of the firm, which have been widely distributed, considerately offer to supply orations, essays, and debates at figures within the reach of the most impecunious student. Thus, for instance, an essay can be had as low as thirty-five cents a hundred words; high-school orations range from three to eight dollars, while college essays go as high as fifteen dollars. It does not appear whether the tendency to athletics in our institutions of learning is responsible for the growth of this particular industry, but it is easy to see that it will be of very great value to students who are more disposed to out-door sports of one sort or another than to the close study of their books. It is said that some of the college authorities have been anxious to secure the exclusion of literature of this kind from the mails, but it will gratify all friends of intellectual freedom to learn that they have failed in their effort. Why should barriers be lifted in the way of an enterprise of this character, which is so obviously designed to promote the literary proficiency of the rising generation?

THE international convention, recently held in London, of women interested in the temperance work was a notable demonstration of the deepening and widening interest which women are taking in all reformatory movements. Probably there has never been assembled in Great Britain a gathering so truly representative of the Christian and philanthropic sentiment of the enlightened women of the world as this, in which one hundred and fifty American delegates actively participated. One of the striking incidents of the convention was that, on the opening Sunday, two hundred London pulpits were occupied by women. But, notable as the gathering was, the London press seems to have given it little consideration, and the notice bestowed upon it was in some cases a great deal more insulting than commendatory in character. One conservative journal characterized the convention as composed of "blatant female agitators to whom taste and propriety are empty terms." When the Christian Endeavorers swarmed down upon this metropolis by the ten thousand, some two or three years ago, the daily newspapers were as much surprised and puzzled by the demonstration as the London journals seem to have been by the women's white-ribbon gathering, but New York journalism, instead of criticising and belittling, welcomed, and devoted itself to setting forth copiously the achievements of the visiting organizations, thereby not only maintaining its self-respect, but earning the hearty gratitude of a vast multitude of readers. English newspapers would do well to emulate this example of courtesy and true journalistic catholicity.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE admirers of George Meredith (and they are no longer few) are to be congratulated on the appearance in permanent form of what have been known for many years as "the lost stories," they having lain in the magazines of their first appearance. But now Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowman have brought them together in one volume under the title of "The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories," and three very excellent examples of the great novelist's work are restored to readers who could ill spare the slightest scrap. The chief value of these stories in conjunction is that they offer a most admirable opportunity to see the man in his different moods and methods. They are an epitome of the man's genius. "The House on the Beach" is the least characteristic of the three stories, and therefore the least valuable. He calls it a realistic tale, but that is merely a satiric touch, for there is, in fact, but little realism in it, and but little reality. "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," though, is Meredith in one of his delightful states—a state of mad-cap humor and banter. The whole is a delicious farce, carried through in the highest mood of revelry; absurdly, irresistibly funny, full of potent, pungent satire and brilliant epigram. You are mounted on a wave of laughter from the opening chapter, that crisps and curls under you till the very end is reached, and the purely comic aspect of the man's work is shown as it is nowhere else. The distance between these two and the other, "The Tale of Chloe," is incalculable. As a recent appreciator said: "It is Meredith consummate." And so one feels at the finish of this early-century tragedy, told with all the master-craft of genius. It is full of subtlety and deftness in the delineation of character shades; there is a simple, beautiful pathos in the fated Chloe, a very delicate touch of comedy in Beau Beamish and his troublesome charge, the duchess; and lastly, a tragic note which is sounded from the very beginning, hardly perceptible, though, at first, but growing stronger and more firm, pervading one's senses rather than attracting the attention, until it startles with distinctness at the culmination in the midnight scene in Chloe's chamber. The whole effect is one of exquisite perfection, and, as is the case with all works of flawless art, it is difficult to speak of this in a temperate manner. To lovers of Meredith it is useless to recommend it; to all others I urge its reading as a duty due to literature.

I should think that the honor conferred by an election to the academy would be looked upon with some dubiety by French men of letters in these recent years, when two such men as Zola and Daudet remain without the fold.

Daudet's well-known letters to the *Figaro*, in 1888, I think it was, in which he said, "Je ne me présente pas, je ne me suis présenté, je ne me présenterai jamais à l'académie," of course entirely precludes any idea of his present or future candidature for membership; but Zola is evidently a man of coarser sensibility, for year after year, nothing daunted by rebuff and failure, he has knocked for admission among the "immortals," only to be refused, and to find mediocrity, or at least lesser ability, exalted over his head. At one time it was Pierre Loti, at another José Hérédia, and now it is Paul Bourget who has attained the coveted election to the "Forty." If it is a principle that he is contending for, a firm conviction that his position in French literature demands his place among those who are supposed to represent what is highest and best in that literature, then let him continue persistently and with energy to force his claims; but if it is the honor he seeks, the impalpable bauble which could add nothing to his fame, let him desist, and his name will be forever linked with those other immortals who in times past have failed to be considered worthy of a place among the ever-living. Among them Molière, Pascal, Descartes, Beaumarchais, Balzac, and Alexander Dumas.

Now that a general reorganization and regeneration of our various courts is taking place, it seems to me that the time is very opportune for a change in the methods of procedure in favor of many of the numberless lawyers who practice in those courts. An evil that particularly pleads for attention and then abolition is the handling of witnesses by the attorneys of opposing sides. Intimidation, ridicule, and insult are resorted to with impunity, with little or no restraint from judges. It is only on the occasion of some notorious trial that these "roastings" of witnesses are brought to the public attention; but they are just as common in trials of little moment as they are in those of importance. Recorder Goff's tactics with the witnesses in the recent police investigation are a fair example of what I mean, though there was special excuse for him, considering the class of individuals he had to deal with. There is no excuse, however, for the treatment accorded to Mr. Sage in the recent trial of Laidlaw vs. Sage by one of our most eminent lawyers, Mr. Joseph H. Choate. That a man of his quality of mind and achievement should stoop to the methods of some pettifogging police-court hanger-on is ample argument in favor of restriction of the license countenanced by our courts.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



THE elaborate celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Professor C. C. Langdell's appointment as dean of the Harvard law school is a memorable event in its way. It must have given the venerable professor a firm conviction of the value of a first impression. While he was a student in the Harvard law school he happened to be eating his supper of brown bread and milk as he stood before the fire in a class-mate's room in the Divinity school, and his appearance and his manner of talking about the law deeply impressed a young junior named Eliot, who was present. "This is genius," said the junior to himself, and afterward, when he had become president of Harvard, he sought out Mr. Langdell in his New York law-office and offered him a professorship. His confidence in the lawyer was well repaid, for Professor Langdell put new life into the law school, and established there the scientific study of the law from its sources—from actual cases rather than from books.

Henry George has retired to his country home in Sullivan County to put the finishing touches on a book of political economy which is to be published in the fall. He is happily situated there among a colony of single-tax believers, to whose encouraging presence, perhaps, is due the fact of his expanding his new volume, originally designed to be a primer, into a comprehensive work. It may not be remembered that Mr. George was an early convert to faith in the bicycle as a prophylactic against doctors' bills. He restored his broken health by riding a wheel long before it had attained its present high rank as a vehicle.

M. de Hérédia, the new member of the French Academy, was in his youth a singularly handsome man—one who, according to François Coppee, "combined the nobility of the Hidalgo and the grace of the creole." He is a Cuban by birth, but sufficiently in love with his adopted land to call her language "the finest that has issued from human lips since Homer." M. de Hérédia owes his literary rank in France to his sonnets, which, because of their polish and vigor, hold a high place in contemporary French literature.

George W. Julian, who was surveyor-general of New Mexico under Mr. Cleveland's first administration, and who lives in a suburb of Indianapolis, is the only survivor of the prominent leaders of the Free Soil party. Mr. Julian is now seventy-eight years old, but he is in excellent health and active with his pen, his name appearing frequently in the pages of the magazines. It is fifty years since he went to Congress for the first time, and forty since his candidacy for the Vice-Presidency.



SCENE FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



ARRESTED AS A SUSPECTED ANARCHIST IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



YOUNG LONDON IN THE WEST END.

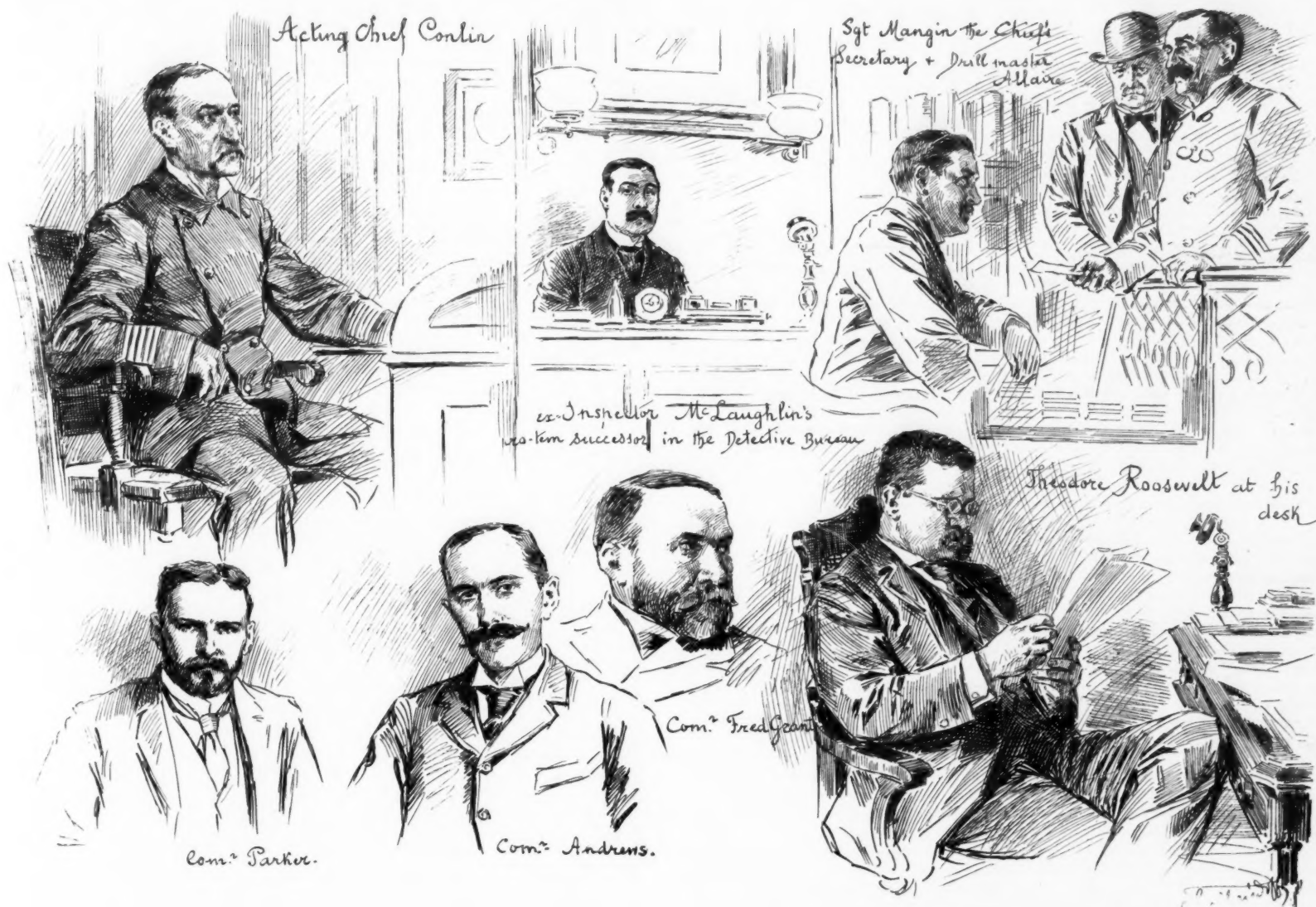


DANCING TO A STREET-ORGAN.



EARLY MORNING AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN LONDON—PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE WEST END, THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SECTION OF THE METROPOLIS.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT—[SEE PAGE 10.]



REFORM IN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT—THE NEW COMMISSIONERS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.—DRAWN BY GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



DECORATION-DAY CEREMONIES, MAY 30TH, 1895.



THE MONUMENT.

SCOTLAND'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN VALOR—DECORATING THE MONUMENT TO SCOTTISH-AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE OLD CALTON BURYING-GROUND, EDINBURGH.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER A. INGLIS.—[SEE PAGE 15.]

Lady Kilpatrick.

(Continued from front page.)

"All that is left me now," continued Desmond, "is the thought of the grief I brought her."

"Ne'er believe it, lad," cried the old man. "Ne'er believe it. Ye brought her comfort and hope." He wiped his eyes. "Many's the time I've greet o'er your cradle, and noo, auld fule that I am, I'm greeting again. Bide a bit, lad; God may help ye yet. There, there!" he continued, as the impulsive young fellow threw his arms about him. "Ye'll not be for hugging auld Peebles. Tak' the little lass in your arms and gie her one more kiss for luck."

"Desmond!" cried Dulcie, stratching her arms to him.

"Ma certie!" said Peebles, as the lovers embraced, "if I'd your youth, and siccan a mouth to kiss, I wadna care if the deil himsel' was my progenitor."

"Good-bye, my darling!" sobbed Desmond. "Good-bye, and God Almighty bless ye! I must go. Good-bye, good-bye!"

He tore himself from her arms and ran out of the house. Dulcie sank back upon a bench, and her tears ran unrestrainedly.

"Tak' heart, Lady Dulcie. Tak' heart!" said the good old man, patting her shoulder with one hand, as he wiped his own eyes with the other. "It's a sair trouble, but we'll maybe reconcile them yet."

"Oh, Mr. Peebles," sobbed the girl. "I love him."

"Any fule could see that!" said the old man, with a chuckle which was half a sob. "And I love him, too, the rascal. Ye must hasten home, Lady Dulcie. My lord needs comfort, and 'tis weel ye should be with him, for the boy's sake."

Dulcie dried her tears and called Rosie, who answered the summons at once.

"You'll watch him," she said to Peebles. "See that he comes to no harm."

"Trust me for that," said Peebles. "There, there, my bonny doo, tak' comfort. He'll be yours yet."

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Dulcie. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him with right good will. "That's for Desmond's sake. Mind, I trust in you."

"Peebles, ye auld villain!" said the astonished servant, "what's gane wi' your morality—lettin' the lassies kiss you at your age? Aweel! a kiss like that from a pure lass is better than a bad man's blessing. Never fear, Lady Dulcie; nae mischief shall befall Desmond Macartney while I can save him."

VI.

THE MEETING IN THE GRAVEYARD.

THAT same night a cold, round moon was shining on the old graveyard, where the people of Kilpatrick had for many generations buried their dead; a place of green and grassy graves, with here and there a simple cross of stone or wood. It was a lonely place, a lonely hour, and with the rising moon came a chilly night wind, stealing from grave to grave and lifting the grass upon them as a cold hand might lift the hair of human heads.

The silence of the spot was broken by the sound of a slow but firm footstep approaching along the winding pathway that led to the village. A tall woman, with a shawl about her head, and clad in a material so dark as to pass for black in the moonlight, entered the graveyard and stood looking toward the height on which the castle stood. She looked long and earnestly before she spoke.

"It's the time I named," she murmured, in a deep, inward-sounding voice. "Will he come, I wonder? Maybe he'll think it's an idle message, and never guess who sent it, for he thinks me dead and gone long years ago. I must speak with him, and hear tidings of my boy. Oh, saints in heaven, that know the achings of a mother's heart, ye've given me strength to bear my trouble all these years—give me strength now, and pity the weakness that brought me here, maybe to get a glimpse of my darling son!"

She leaned against a ragged, wind-blown tree, with her forehead supported on her arm, then, sliding to the ground, bent her head in prayer, an appeal of which only an occasional word could have been heard by any chance listener, though the fervor of her supplication shook her whole body with a passionate tremor. She was so lost for the moment to all sense of her surroundings that a loud and cheerful whistle, coming along the path she had herself traveled but a few minutes previous, fell unheeded on her ear, and the grave-digger, returning for his pick and shovel, was close upon her before she recognized his presence.

She rose with a start, and the suddenness of her apparition made the intruder's music stop with a ludicrous suddenness.

"Musha!" he cried. "What's that, at all? 'Tis a woman. Bedad, I took ye for a ghost."

"I'm flesh and blood, like yourself," she answered.

"But why were ye kneeling there?" he asked, still fearfully.

"I was only saying a prayer," she answered.

"A mighty quare place to say your prayers in," said the grave-digger, crossing himself. "Unless," he added as an after-thought, and more gently, "ye've any kith or kin lying here."

"No," said the woman; "I am a stranger."

"Well, good luck t'ye, whoever ye are," said the grave-digger. "I'll just get the pick and the spade, and lave ye to your devotions." He jumped into an open grave at a little distance.

"I can finish this in the morning," he added to himself. "Another two feet 'll do it."

"Who's to be buried there?" she asked, as he clambered out with his tools in his hand.

"A poor colleen that kilt herself for love. Leastways, she drowned herself, but wint out of her mind first, to make sure of Christian burial. Are ye livin' hereabouts, my woman?"

"Yes," she answered. "I've a lodging down at the old mill."

"Musha!" said the grave-digger, "that's a lonesome place."

"The more fit, maybe," she answered, "for a lonesome woman."

"Will ye be going now?" asked the man, looking at her with some anxiety.

"Presently," she answered. "Sure, I'm doing no harm."

"Sorra the bit," he said; "but I'm thinking that there's not many women—nor men, ayther, for that matter—who'd care to walk this graveyard at night, seein' that it's haunted. Well, tastes differ, and so good luck t'ye."

"And good luck to you," the woman answered.

The man shouldered his tools and went off, resuming his interrupted whistle. The woman looked anxiously down the road.

"It's past the time I named," she said to herself, "and no sign of him yet."

She walked to the low wall which separated the graveyard from the road, and stood there, watching so keenly that the sound of a footstep approaching from the opposite side of the churchyard failed to wake her attention. The unseen passenger, who was no other than Mr. Feagus returning homeward after a wettest evening with a client beyond the village, caught sight of her tall, gaunt figure clearly outlined against the pale flood of moonlight which deluged the sky.

"Who's that, now?" he asked himself, with a start. "A woman or a taish? A Christian soul or an ugly spirit? Wake me soul to glory, I'm sorry I took this road, for it's lonesome for a lawyer with long arrears of conscience to make up; and faith, here's another of 'em coming the way I ken myself. No, 'tis a man this time—a living man, bless the saints! I'll step along with him for company. Am I dhruuk or dreamin'? 'Tis that ould omadhaum, Peebles, the steward! 'Tis mighty quare! What can bring a quiet man like that down here at night-time? Be jabbers! if it isn't an assignation with that faymale. The old rascal, I'll keep out of his way and watch what he's after."

He slid cautiously over the wall and established himself in the shadow of a grave-mound, just as Peebles's lean figure emerged into the clear moonlight.

The old man paused at the wicket gate.

"I saw some one here—I'd swear till it, and noo there's no sign of any living thing. Lord save us! it's a grewsome place. Well, grewsome or no grewsome, I'll e'en see it through. She's there!" he exclaimed, catching sight of the woman's figure. "Ahem! Was't you, lass, that sent the message to Mr. Peebles?"

The woman turned with a start.

"At last!" she cried. "Thank God!"

"Good e'en t'ye, whoever ye are," said Peebles. "I'm here at your service, though I ken little enough what it is ye want o' me. 'Twas of Moya Macartney ye wanted to speak—the puir lassie that died lang syne."

"Of Moya Macartney, sure enough," answered the woman. "But she never died. She's alive this day, and nearer than ye think."

"Guide us!" exclaimed Peebles. "Ye say she's leevin'! Moya Macartney leevin'?"

The woman turned her face to the moonlight and let her shawl, which had hidden it, fall back upon her shoulders. The old man crept nearer, peering on her with a look of compact expectation, incredulity, and a touch of superstitious horror. The face was white, thin, and wrinkled, but yet retained vestiges of a beauty which must perforce have been great to withstand the ravages of time. The great black eyes dwelt on Peebles's face, and the thin lips murmured a name which struck on the astonished ears like a veritable echo from the grave.

"Moya!" he cried; "Moya Macartney? No! It can't be!"

"It is, sir," said Moya. "I'm Moya Macartney. Old and gray now, Mr. Peebles, but the same colleen ye knew once in Kenmare."

The hidden listener raised his head cautiously above the grave-mound.

"Saints preserve us!" he muttered, and taking advantage of Peebles's wonder and consternation, crept from grave to grave nearer him and his companion.

"Meeracle of meeracles!" cried the old man. He extended a trembling hand and took that which Moya held out in answer. It was as real, and warmer and steadier than his own. "Aye! ye're flesh and blood; but—what does it mean?"

"Sure, it's a long story," said Moya, "but I'll tell it ye in as few words as I can. When I left my child and went away broken-hearted, I little thought to live another day; but my courage failed me, and I feared to face my Maker before my time. I lived on, unknown and far away. But I heard news from time to time of my son. I knew that he was growing up happy, and ignorant, thank God! of his mother's shame."

"Puir lass!" said Peebles. "Puir lass! And it's been for his own sake that ye've held aloof from him all these years—never shown your face or spoke a word!"

"Sure, why should I? 'Twas enough for me to think that maybe, when he thought that I was dead, my lord's heart might be turned to the poor, friendless boy, and that he might crape into his father's heart and earn his love. I said to myself a thousand times, 'God bless him! I'll never disgrace him. He shall never learn that his poor mother's still living on this weary earth.'"

"But ye've come at last, Moya," said Peebles, wiping his eyes; "ye've come at last to—"

"Only to hear of his happiness—only, maybe, to get one glimpse of his face. Oh, sir! if I could do that same I'd die happy, for the heaviness of years is on me, and I've not long to live. Speak to me! Tell me of him! Is he well and happy?"

"Weel?" repeated Peebles. "Aye! he's weel enough. Happy? Aye, he's as happy as maist folk, for it's a wearyin' world." He paused, looking pityingly at Moya, and then resumed in a hesitating manner.

"I've news for ye that I fear will not be over welcome to ye. 'Twas only yesterday he learned the truth. He found out that Lord Kilpatrick is his father, and with that, puir lad, he shook the dust from his feet and fled away from his father's house."

"My God!" cried Moya. "But who would him? Not you, sure?"

"I?" cried Peebles. "I, that hae guarded the secret these eighteen years, and burdened me conscience in endless lees for the puir lad's sake and yours? But ye're distraught, puir creature, and sma' wonder. No, no, Moya! He was taunted wi' his birth by a wicked whelp—his cousin, Richard Conseltine's son—and a' came oot."

"And then?" cried Moya.

"My lord begged him to stay, offered to make him his lawful heir, but he refused the siller and cursed his father in his mother's name. Ah, don't greet, woman, or I'll be greeting too! Your name's deepest in the lad's heart, and first upon his lips."

"God bless him!" sobbed the heart-broken mother. "But what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Let me take ye to him," said Peebles. "Eh, lass, but the boy's heart will leap for joy to know ye're alive."

"No!" said Moya, shrinking back. "No, no! Let things be as they are. It's better, far better that he should think me dead. Alive, I shall only shame him more. Just let me see him, let me look into his eyes and hear his voice—'tis all I ask of heaven, and I'll go back to where I came from and never trouble him again."

At that moment, as if in answer to the impassioned prayer of the lonely heart, a voice rose at a hundred yards' distance. Peebles started at the sound.

"Tho' I lave thee for-er, my darling, and go, Thine image shall haunt me in sunshine and snow; Like the light of a star shining over the foam, Thy face shall go with me wherever I roam."

"Lord save us!" cried Peebles. "'Tis himself."

"Who?" cried Moya, wildly. "Desmond? My son?"

"Aye! your son, Desmond. Wheest, woman! He's coming this way."

"Though waves roll between us, sweet star of my love, Thy voice calls unto me—"

Desmond's voice rose again as he spoke, nearer and more distinct.

"Mr. Peebles!" he cried, pausing in his song to scrutinize his old friend's figure in the moonlight. "It's late for you to be out here among the graves. Who's that with ye?"

Peebles hesitated. Moya touched him lightly on the arm.

"It's just a puir peasant body. She's strange to these parts, and was asking the way."

Moya had gathered her shawl about her face again, and a sob broke from her.

"Sure, she's in trouble," Desmond added, pityingly.

"Yes, sir," said Moya, conquering herself. "I'm in bitter trouble. And by the same token there's trouble in your heart, too."

"In mine?" said Desmond, forcing a laugh, not very successfully.

"Ye favor one I used to know," said Moya.

"Will ye tell me your name?"

"My name?" said Desmond, hesitatingly.

"Well, why not? My name's Desmond Macartney."

"Desmond Macartney?" the woman repeated. "I'll not forget it. Sure, I'd once a boy of me own, as swate to look upon as yourself. It's proud your mother should be of such a son."

"My mother is dead," said Desmond. "She died long ago—when I was but a child. Good-night t'ye, and God help ye through your trouble."

"Where are you going, Desmond?" asked Peebles.

"To the farm yonder; they'll put me up for the night."

"Wait for me there to-morrow. I must see ye."

"I'll wait," said Desmond. He looked again at Moya, who was crying unrestrainedly. "Poor soul!" he said. "She seems to have a heavy grief."

"She has," said Peebles. "She's lost all the folk she loves."

"Like me," said Desmond. "Well, well! 'Though I lave thee forever,' he began singing again as he turned away, till interrupted by the stranger's voice.

"Sir—Mr. Desmond!" cried the woman, suddenly; "they say that the blessing o' one broken heart may help to heal the trouble of another. Will ye kneel down in the holy place and take a poor creature's blessing?"

"Sure," said Desmond, "it's only one blessing in the whole world that I seek, and that I can never have—the blessing of my own dead mother."

"Maybe it might come through me. I'm a mother, too."

"Humor her, laddie," said Peebles, gently. "Humor her. Her sorrow's great."

Desmond took off his cap and knelt with bent head. It seemed long before the voice broke the solemn stillness, but when at last it was audible it was strangely firm.

"May the Lord watch over ye, now and forever! May the mouth of the mother that bore ye spake through me, and bring ye happiness, health, and peace! May your days be long in the land, till you're old and gray like me. But, oh, may ye never know my trouble or lose what I have lost. Amen! Amen!"

"And may God bless you!" said Desmond rising, deeply touched by the solemn words and the deep, rich voice which had spoken them.

"And now," said Moya, "will ye let a poor creature kiss your forehead, for the sake of her own son that she'll never see again?" She took his head between her hands and pressed her lips to his brow in a long embrace. "The Lord be with you, Desmond Macartney."

With no other word she turned and left the graveyard, Peebles following her after a hasty reminder to Desmond of their engagement for the morrow.

It was not till some minutes later, when Desmond's voice rose again on the air at a considerable distance, that Feagus rose to his feet.

"Milla murder!" he said softly to himself. "But this bates cock-fighting. Moya Macartney alive! And what would my lord and Mr. Conseltine say to that, I wonder?"

(To be continued.)

The Brooklyn Bicycle Parade.

THERE has been no more striking illustration of the growing popularity of the bicycle than was afforded by the annual meet of the New York State division of the League of American Wheelmen, which occurred in Brooklyn on the 15th ultimo, and the parade, under the auspices of the Good Roads Association, of thousands of riders, men and women, over the new cycle path from Prospect Park to Coney Island. Never before in this State was a parade of equal size and picturesqueness witnessed by an equally numerous throng of spectators. The parade was formed of three divisions, of which the third attracted most attention, owing to the fact that it included more women and girls than either of the others, and was headed by three little girls in gay attire. The procession was fifty minutes in passing the reviewing-stand, and was greeted from first to last with admiring plaudits. Nearly all the young women riders wore bloomers, but among the males there was a great variety of costumes. We illustrate some striking features of the parade on another page of this issue.

Urban Dialogues—II.

"JACK OLIVER knows," I heard Maxwell say from his seat at the head of the table; "don't you, Oliver?"

"Yes; what is it?" said I.

Every one laughed, but I hadn't heard what the old duffer was talking about; and besides, Kitty Ivor was sitting next me. How could he expect me to be listening to his dozy old coach tales?

"That's a safe witness for you, Maxwell," said Trundel, a fat little man whom I loathed.

"Was I two minutes behind when we drew up at the hotel?" questioned Maxwell, earnestly—as if it was any difference how late or early he was.

"Just fifty-nine seconds by my gold watch and chain," I replied.

"There," said Maxwell, conclusively, to the three or four on either side of him, who couldn't escape his loquacity. As for me, I turned my attention once more to Kitty Ivor.

"What an old bore Maxwell is."

"I think him a dear," said she.

"That's commendation enough for any one—even Maxwell. But surely you don't like Tommy Trundel?"

"No, I don't. I think him disgusting—and 'fast.'"

"Fast?" said I. "I didn't know there were any 'fast' men over here."

"You didn't?"

"No. I thought that some were only less slow than others." I said this very gravely, and wondered how she'd take it.

"When will you New-Yorkers get tired of that joke?" she rejoined, coolly enough, taking a sip of champagne. She had a remarkably pretty hand.

"When it ceases to be applicable," said I, hoping to lead her on to one of those pretty little ebullitions of temper that are so becoming to her. But she was irritatingly calm.

"Oh, well; we'll hope to catch up to New York some day."

"That's not impossible. I see we are to be connected by the trolley soon," said I, still playing for an outburst. "But I'm afraid that will only pay one way."

"Which way?"

"To New York." I did succeed in getting an impatient little "oh" this time, so I thought it worth while continuing.

"I believe thoroughly in civic pride and all that," I went on (I had heard "civic pride" at a Good Government Club meeting and thought it rather good); "but now tell me candidly, don't you think you Quakers overdo it a little? What have you got to be proud of?"

She was about to speak, but I interrupted and went on:

"Of course you'll tell me about that wonderful shop, but we've a dozen better; and your mint, but we spend more in a day than you coin in a month" (this was rather an irrelevant and inaccurate statistic, but it answered for my purpose); "and your City Troop, but we've got two of 'em; and your Liberty Bell, which is cracked, after all; and your Independence Hall, which doesn't touch our Tammany; and your revolving William Penn, who isn't in it with our Diana. All these, I know, you'll tell me of, and more, too, but I'll outpoint you two to one every time."

She seemed to have regained her composure by this time, and when I had finished she said:

"You've forgotten our university."

"Quite," said I. "Have you one?"

"I believe Harvard discovered that we had one last autumn," she rejoined, maliciously; for she knew I was a Harvard man, and that the defeat at foot-ball still rankled. I gave her credit for leading me into this little trap very cleverly.

"Oh, I do remember something of that." I must have said it rather lamely, for she laughed out until a fine-looking, old gray-haired chap sitting opposite asked for her joke.

"It's nothing," she said, cheerily, and he resumed talk with his neighbor.

"Who's that?" I whispered.

"That's another one of our institutions you forgot to mention," she whispered back.

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Family. He had a great-great-grandfather."

"How interesting! What did he do with him?" She seemed a bit annoyed at what probably seemed to her sacrilegious flippancy, so I said:

"Well, I sha'n't tease you any more."

"Tease me? You rate your efforts rather high."

"Do you mean to say that, after all, you wouldn't rather live in New York?"

"I shouldn't live in New York if Philadelphia didn't exist," she said, quickly.

"What?" I fairly gasped; for she really meant it.

"No, I shouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like your people."

"Why, Polly Ransom is your best friend—and where do I come in?"

"Of course you and Polly are the exceptions; and that's just the point: I like all New-Yorkers individually; I don't approve of them collectively."

"That's rather abstract, isn't it?"

"Well, it may be, but it's exactly the way I feel about it."

"Explain."

"I don't know as I can."

"It might do me some good."

"Well, I can't resist that possibility." She smiled charmingly, and I began to think that, after all, Philadelphia might be bearable.

"You see, it's this way," she went on. "Take you separately and you are charming and interesting, but take you altogether, as a class, you are stupid snobs."

"Come, I say, that's rather hard."

"Yes, because it's true. You have no standard—unless it's the gold standard—"

"That's safe enough, isn't it?" said I.

"I don't mean politics. I mean socially. Money is the sesame to the best you have."

"The price of admission is high, though."

"That's just it; the very reason why you are losing all your distinction and are becoming commonplace?"

"Commonplace?" I ejaculated.

"Yes; that is the chief characteristic of your society—of all society founded upon wealth, with nothing more valuable to give it character."

"What's more valuable than wealth, I'd like to know?"

"What's the matter with a little bit of tradition?" said she, rather pointedly, I thought; and just then Mrs. Maxwell gave the signal for the ladies to leave the room, and we all rose. Miss Ivor gave me a funny little smile as she went through the doorway, and I couldn't help wondering which one of us had come out ahead.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

Reform in the New York Police Department.

THE past few weeks have witnessed a mighty transformation in the workings of the police system of the city of New York. To speak more correctly, perhaps, the system itself has undergone so thorough an overhauling as to be practically a new thing of itself, and law-abiding New-Yorkers may at last congratulate themselves upon the fact that, despite the machinations of politicians and all the evil influences at work since last election to rob them of the fruits of their great victory, the tangible results of this event are now beginning to be felt from the Battery to beyond the Harlem. For all of which we have, in the first place, to thank the honorable and fearless executive in the mayoralty chair; and secondly, the four able and patriotic citizens whom he has appointed to the police board, namely, Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Avery D. Andrews, and Andrew D. Parker.

The change wrought by these four gentlemen during their short tenure of office is already apparent on a single visit to police headquarters, such as I made a week ago. The very atmosphere of the place is different. Surliness, nay, positive rudeness, was until recently a marked characteristic of the officials toward all comers not provided with a "pull." Since President Theodore Roosevelt announced that the police should consider themselves servants—not masters—of the people, a civil question elicits a civil answer from the members of the "Finest," of all grades. The demoralizing presence of that arch perverter of justice, Alexander S. Williams, no more pervades the portals of the huge building, nor are its corridors blocked up with the great unwashed of the Fourteenth Street Wigwam and their so-called Republican allies—Republicans in name only. Police headquarters now resembles a huge commercial house where the business of the day is transacted in an orderly, business-like manner, regardless of politics and politicians, with the sole purpose of serving the public interests.

Those who predicted that the substitution of four men of culture and education—four gentlemen, in short—for the illiterate, unscrupulous, and greedy politicians hitherto disgracing the police commission, would result in an epidemic of crime throughout the metropolis, have since received overwhelming proof of their error. About the only evil-doers seem, as usual, to be the police themselves, but these worthies are being brought around with a very sharp turn by Theodore Roosevelt's midnight tactics. Like Haroun Al Raschid, the president of the police board has patroled his domain during the wee' sma' hours to discover that a large percentage of his men were shirking their duty in a flagrant manner—some sleeping in doorways, some regaling themselves in saloons, and thus ad infinitum. Severe penalties have already been administered to these

delinquents, as to all violators of the police rules, while really deserving officers have received praise and promotion. In brief, the present police board of the city of New York, considering its limited powers, has already performed wonders in the way of reform. This, however, can only be complete when the Legislature passes the much-to-be-desired police reorganization bill which the wiles of politicians effectively suppressed during the last session.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

Varnishing Day at the Paris Salon.

IT would be an amusing task for a statistician with an original mind to estimate how many pairs of eyes looked critically at the sky on the morning of Varnishing Day. So much depended on the sun! Éclat, good-humor, the ephemeral delicacy of pale, soft gowns, all waited upon the beneficent smile of the round-faced monarch of the heavens, who, alas! could not be cajoled by the subtlest of feminine arts.

He was kind, however; he was in a mood befitting the ushering in of May. Paris, with its millions of trees abloom and its smooth, far-stretching streets where light and shadow played, was a dream of beauty; a sight to trouble and delight the senses like a vanishing, elusive perfume, or a strain of music which awakens without satisfying.

"All the world goes to Vernissage." So I had often been told, yet scarcely realized how true it was until, after a drive down the Champs Elysées, the sober, gray building with flag-decked entrance came in sight. All the world was there indeed. On both sides of the famous avenue "the masses" were packed, ten deep; carriages of every description crawled in a long line, like a black serpent, around the Point of the Place and emptied their contents before the great doors; the clarion-like calls of newsboys selling catalogues, and the warring voices of belligerent coachers struggling for position at the curb, filled the warm, syringa-scented air.

The crowd was divided into two classes—those who went and those who couldn't. The first was composed of great ladies of family whose names commenced with "de," and young noblemen of the old régime; of the merely wealthy; of celebrities from atelier and theatre, or whose names were household words on the covers of books; of long lines of *demi-mondaines* who have their recognized place in Parisian life, and who set the fashions for the aforesaid blue-blooded dames; of visiting Americans and English, with a sprinkling of more northern and Oriental races; of the artists themselves, to whom this was the day of days, the fulfillment of desire and effort.

And the crowd watching! Ah, how alert is the pavement crowd of Paris—quiet, well-mannered, patient, soft of voice. The types massed there were worth studying, for you saw threadbare, wistful-eyed students, bare-headed *blanchisseuses* and shop-keepers, young soldiers fresh from the country in uniforms much too big, street gamins in the inevitable "beret," so like our Tam O'Shanter, and pert-faced milliners' apprentices in cheap, saucy bonnets, sent there to make notes on the spring toilettes which made their début from the pasteboard boxes that day.

The vestibule was a great, graveled space filled with a loitering, gossiping crowd. It was dusty, but no one thought of lifting a skirt—at least no one Parisian did; rare, soft-hanging crêpons and silks bearing the inimitable touch of Domet or Suzanne Prince from the famous Rue de la Paix were ruthlessly trailed along the paths. It is *chic* to be extravagant in Paris. And the paintings, the sculpture, the miniatures! They are coming in proper sequence, for I assure you it is a regretted fact, they do not hold the supreme place at Vernissage—the gown first, art afterward. *C'est vrai*.

Distinct among the sculpture on the ground floor, and where the frosted light from a high dome made a glory around her lifted, inspired head, was the figure of Joan of Arc by Paul Dubois. She was as martial as a man, astride her horse, her cuirass covering an indomitable heart. Just beneath the charger's lifted hoof lay, as a tribute, a loose bunch of superb red roses, showing like blood-drops against the bronze. The French love and reverence, beyond expression, the inspired maid of Orleans; her statue in the public square is never without its memorial of fresh flowers, placed there quietly by private citizens.

"Why do you all adore her so?" I asked the little French woman beside me. "Why even more than Napoleon?"

She glanced through her dotted veil at an Englishwoman moving slowly along, her chignon or "English bun" very pronounced under a masculine sailor hat.

"Dieu!" she said, and all her feathers rustled. "We would have been English but for the great Jeanne. I might have been happy with a coiffure like that." KATE JORDAN.

Betting on the Races.

THE adoption of the constitutional amendment prohibiting book-making and pool-selling has produced a wonderful change on the race-tracks of New York. Racing in this State is now in the hands of gentlemen and sportsmen instead of being conducted by professional gamblers and sporting men. At the meetings so far held since the adoption of the amendment to the State constitution and the enactment of the racing statute under it, there has been betting, to be sure, but it has been betting of an entirely different character than ever before. It is against the law to take money when bets are recorded, or to give any evidence of the transaction on either side. The operations are based on credit, on honor. An unknown man, an unsound man, cannot bet, however much he would like to. Then, again, the book-makers not of sound and established reputation cannot get betters to trust them. This bars out the small betters who cannot be trusted to make good their losses, and it shuts out also the dishonest book-makers, who have been a disgrace even to the ranks of gamblers. For a gentleman to bet what he chooses now it is necessary that he should have an acquaintance with a book-maker and be considered by him a man of punctilious honor in the settlement of racing debts and gambling debts. In the absence of this acquaintance, an introduction by some one in whom the book-maker has confidence would be enough. That introduction, in case his friend lost and did not pay, would probably be called on to settle, and probably, also, he would feel that he was in honor responsible. When each bet is made each party records it, with the address of the other. The next day the loser is expected to send a check to the winner. Now, in case a person who is not known to a book-maker and cannot get a satisfactory introduction wishes to bet, that person can easily establish a credit with the book-maker by making a deposit with him to the amount he wishes to bet. This deposit should be made in town before the races, as it is specifically against the law for money to be passed on the race-course.

This is very similar to the English method of betting, except that the English settle once a week, on Mondays, at Tattersall's. Very likely there will be established in New York a club at which settlements can be made, and where also book-makers can be seen the day before and the morning of the races and a credit arranged for. In England a man who defaults in his racing bets is called a "welcher," and a "welcher" is considered of all men the most scoundrelly. No one is so mean as to take his part, and whether he be lord or tradesman or petty tout, he is thereafter beyond the pale of decency, and even thieves of the higher scale would refuse to associate with him.

Whether public opinion in America will ever take this view of "welching" or not it is hard to say; if it does, however, the credit system of betting on race-courses is likely to prove popular and entirely satisfactory. And it is likely, also, to spread, and be used in other States, for New York and New Jersey are not alone among the States as to statutes against betting at horse-races. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, Virginia, besides in many other States, there are laws against pool-selling and book-making. It is likely that the credit method of betting would not in any of these States be construed by the courts as an infringement of the statutes. The system is on trial now in New York. So far it has worked with uncommon smoothness. Coming back from the races the men's cabins of the ferry-boats are used to some extent by the book-makers as places for settlement. This probably will not be done when the system is better understood by both book-makers and speculators.

The attendance at the races this year is not so great as it was in previous years, when any one with a two-dollar bill at command could tempt fortune in an effort to pick a winner. Now the lowest sum a book-maker will wager against is five dollars. It is a pity that the minimum should not be raised to ten. That would bar out the small people who on every account should not be given any facilities to bet. It was among persons of moderate means, men of small salaries and uncertain income, that the old-time racing methods were especially mischievous. Though the attendance is not so great as formerly, it has in it a greater percentage of entirely respectable people. Indeed, pretty nearly every one in attendance appears to be respectable, and the flashy women who used to keep an army of messenger-boys busy taking their money from the grand-stand to the betting-ring are conspicuous by their absence. The touts, too, who used to be on the lookout for green-horns, are no longer in evidence, and the class long known as "rail-birds" appear to have vanished entirely. The race-courses are healthier, more wholesome, and pleasanter places than they have been in many years, and it is to be hoped that the régime of the sportsmen will be long and prosperous. PHILIP POINDEXTER.



A BROOK IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY.



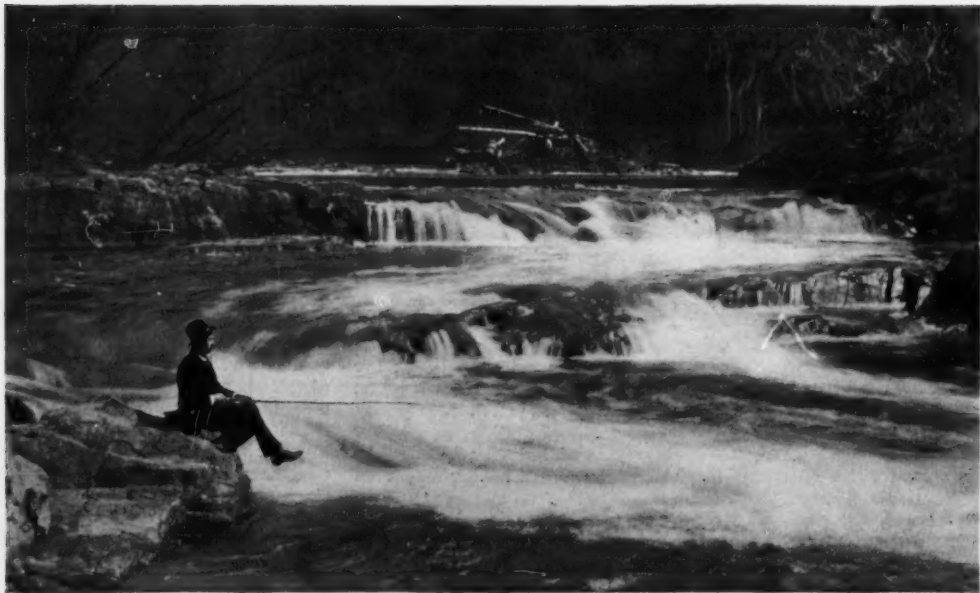
A NEW ENGLAND LIGHT-HOUSE.



A WHITE MOUNTAIN.



A NEW HAMPSHIRE LANDSCAPE.

ALONG THE "FRENCH BROAD" IN NORTH CAROLINA.
Photograph by Lindsey.

THE SURF AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

SUMMER OUTINGS ON LAND AND WATER—GLIMPSES OF MOUNTAIN,



D LIGHT-HOUSE



VIEWING A YACHT RACE.



A DAY'S YACHTING.
Copyrighted Photograph by C. E. Bolles.



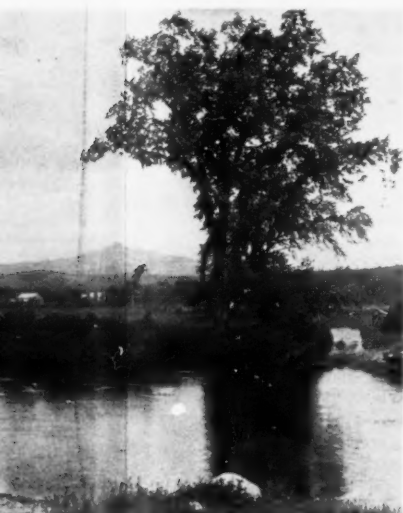
A WHITE MOUNTAIN LAKE.



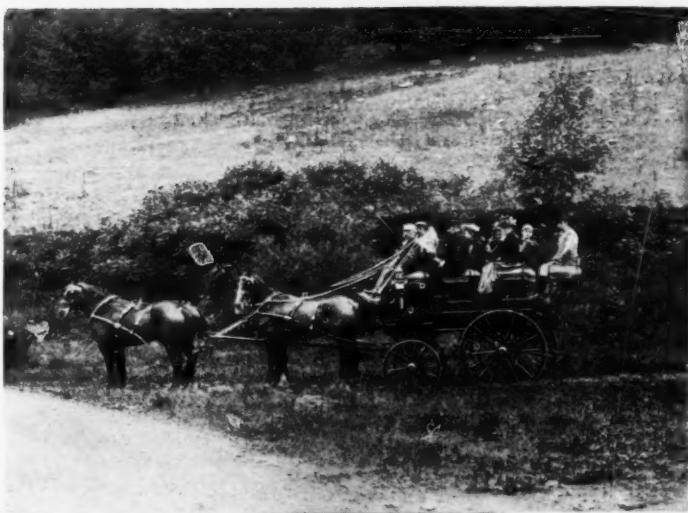
OFF THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.



AN OLD FOREST ROAD IN LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.
Photograph by Ostrander.



HAMPSHIRE LANDSCAPE.



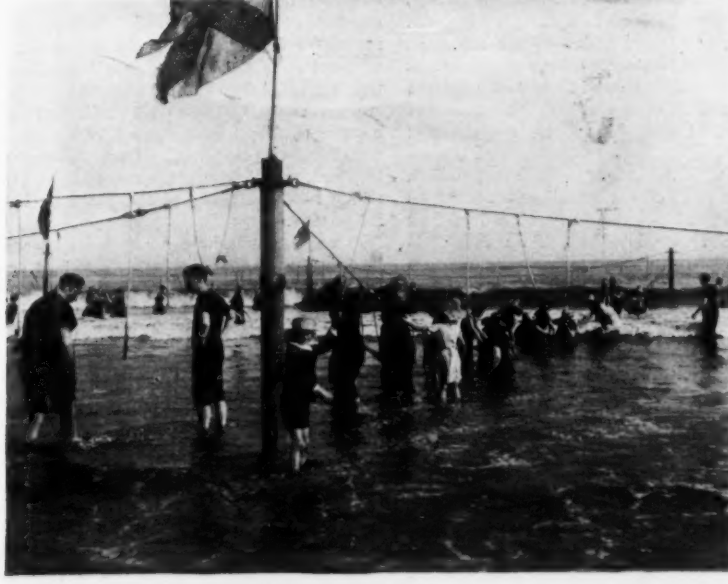
COACHING IN THE CATSKILLS.
Photograph by C. E. Bolles.



BEACH AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.
Photograph by C. E. Bolles.



MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS—A TYPICAL FISHING VILLAGE.



BATHING AT ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK.

WITH A PHOTOGRAPHER IN LONDON.

WEST-END VIGNETTES.

To an observant visitor who is in London even for the first time, it soon becomes obvious why the West End is the more attractive part of the metropolis. It has not fully as many antiquarian interests as the East Central division, which is much older, and includes the city of London with the Tower and the Inns of Court. It has, however, infinite interests for any one at all acquainted with English history and literature of a later period, or for the student of present-day English life; and even as regards antiquarian interests, this end of London possesses the Abbey and the great hall of Westminster, while its buildings of a more modern date to which historic interest attaches are innumerable. It is the brightest and most open region of central London. It has its dismal courts and its back streets; no city with a history is without these; but it is intersected by numerous broad, sweeping thoroughfares; it is dotted all over with great residential squares, and it contains more than three thousand acres of parks and public gardens. It is the political and official, as well as the residential and pleasure end of London; and its streets are stamped with these characteristics. The Parliament Houses and Whitehall, Buckingham and Kensington palaces, Pall Mall and Clubland, Mayfair, Belgravia and Tiburnia, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross and Regent Street, and all that these famous places mean, are comprised in the western half of London.

Its landmarks are familiar to people all over the world, to thousands who never set foot on English soil. Two of the great landmarks are illustrated in Mr. Hemment's pictures. Westminster Abbey and Piccadilly Circus are familiar to even those who know London only from its literature. To people who have lived in London this view of the abbey recalls an exhilarating prospect, second only, if not equal, to that to be had in a walk from Brooklyn to New York across the great bridge. It is taken from the St. Stephen's end of Westminster Bridge, the most airy and graceful of the Thames iron bridges, and from a vantage-point which in one direction commands a view of the Houses of Parliament on the north bank of the river, with the magnificent hospital of St. Thomas' and the old ecclesiastical palace of Lambeth on the south side. These are to be seen looking westward from the bridge. Eastward is the Thames Embankment, extending from Westminster to Blackfriars, and forming the finest boulevard in the metropolis; while beyond Blackfriars Bridge rises the dome of St. Paul's. To the right of the picture is the façade of the St. Stephen's Club House; while to the left is Palace Yard, now included in the precincts of the Houses of Parliament, but years ago the scene of great meetings of the electors of Westminster, and of the old-fashioned electioneering for which the city of Westminster was famous in the days when English politics had not assumed their present hues of drab, and when the elections were picturesque and lively.

Piccadilly Circus is for the West End what the Bank and the Mansion House are to eastern London. It terminates one of the greatest fashionable shopping streets of London, and from the Shaftesbury memorial fountain, which adorns the circus, connections can be made by omnibus with any part of the metropolis. Londoners are jealous of their streets, and of none more so than of the thoroughfares of West London. On the north side of the Thames in the western half of London there is not a single street-railway, although for six miles westward from Piccadilly Circus there extends a thickly-peopled district in which are located at least one-seventh of London's five millions of population. Omnibuses are the only lines of surface travel in this vast region, and it is no doubt owing to the unique position they hold in the economy of London that London omnibuses have come to be the most pleasant road vehicles in the world. A ride on any of the thousands of well-horsed and well-appointed omnibuses which make Piccadilly Circus a stopping-point is almost as enjoyable as a seat on a private drag. In ordinary weather travel is pleasant inside or outside of these vehicles, and at any time it is infinitely preferable to travel on the underground railroad.

Within the last ten years there has been a complete revolution in the style of the London omnibus. Then it was not considered ladylike for a woman to ride on the outside. Nowadays women go in or out as suits their fancy, and it often happens that a man who desires to be polite must take an inside seat in order to oblige a lady who wants to ride on the outside. This change in the traditions and etiquette of street travel is due almost entirely to the evolution of the London omnibus. Outside passengers

formerly sat back to back on seats down the middle of the roof. Now, on all the modern omnibuses, the passengers face forward, and instead of the old risky ladder by which people climbed to seats on top, there is a spacious back platform and a stairway which a lady can ascend with as much grace and dignity as a stairway in her own house. The evolution of the London omnibus was long in coming about, but it has now been carried to such a point as to make the omnibus not only the most democratic but also the most pleasurable of public street-vehicles. Its only near competitor in these particulars is the summer-car of the street railroads in America.

Piccadilly Circus is the centre of much that is bright and pleasant in London life, and of much that is of another and a doubtful character. Its incident and movement change as morning advances into afternoon, as afternoon becomes evening, and as the darkness of night begins to give place to the daylight of the morrow. Half a dozen music-halls, as many theatres, scores of fashionable restaurants and of West End clubs are all grouped in its vicinity. It is, in fact, the starting-point for all that is gay in the life of the English metropolis.

West End street-scenes have a good deal of character of their own. Take, for instance, the group of children playing in one of the squares. With the home-made baby carriage and the steps of an old-time mansion as a background, they make a vignette peculiar to the West End of London, where rich and poor are mingled together in an extraordinary fashion. It has always been so in this part of London, and it is probable that it will continue to be so. Both rich and poor are benefited by this intermingling, and it has long been the aim of practical philanthropists to maintain these neighborly relationships. They have strenuously opposed any schemes for the better housing of the working classes which would place the working classes in one part of London and the rich in another. For this reason Parliament has for twenty years past insisted that when London's structural improvements lead to the demolition of the houses of the humbler classes, dwellings for the same class of people and for something like an equal number to those displaced shall be erected on the cleared sites. It is this intermingling of the classes which in some respects differentiates West London from East London; for in East London there are square miles of land covered with houses in which none but poor people live, and where a middle-class or a well-to-do Londoner is never seen except on business or as a casual visitor.

EDWARD PORRITT.

The New York School of Design for Women.

OF New York's countless philanthropic projects, none has justified itself more quickly or more thoroughly than the School of Applied Design for Women, founded by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, at 200 West Twenty-third Street. Designing is taught, or advertised to be taught, in several large technical schools. The unique feature of this school is that the instructors in the advanced classes are practical teachers, taken from the large manufacturing firms, so that the young woman who wishes to design carpets is taught what designs can be woven in one style of loom and what in another, and the reason for the distinction; while the girl who wishes to draw for wall-papers learns to distinguish the style which can be made to pay in a fifteen-cent paper from that suitable for rich hangings. The school started two years ago with forty-two students, and now has over two hundred, drawn from all parts of the country, whose tuition already makes the school self-supporting.

Few art schools, however well drawing may be taught in them, have instruction in the application of ornamental design to manufacture and the arts. That is a separate art by itself, hemmed in by technicalities which must be understood in order to attain any degree of success. Trade demands a constant succession of novelties in designs of all sorts, making the occupation of a capable designer constant. Manufacturers are frequently obliged to import their designs, and oftentimes their designers, because of the lack of those properly trained in this country; which shows how wide a field is opened to trained workers in designing. The work is well adapted for women who have the taste and manual dexterity for it, and, compared with other work of women, it is well paid. Designs suitable for draping-silks and chintzes command from fifteen to twenty-five

dollars in their trade season of February and March. Designs for wall-papers are better paid—from thirty-five to fifty dollars—and they have two trade seasons, September and October, and January and February; while designs for book-covers bring from ten to twenty-five dollars. Besides, it is a sheltered occupation. The work can be done at home or in a quiet studio, and the worker is shielded from the temptations and discomforts so often an accompaniment of women's efforts to earn a livelihood in a crowded city.

The instruction in this school is divided broadly into two parts, the elementary and the advanced departments, but it is entirely individual. Few students apply who are able to enter at once the advanced departments, because certain features of the technique of applied design must be conquered first. How long a student stays in the elementary classes depends upon her abilities, her industry, and health. Whenever she can pass the examinations required she can immediately enter the advanced class of her choice. A student who has had no previous instruction generally has to remain in the elementary class a year. The teachers, Miss Grace Dean and Miss Charlotte Overbury, who have these classes in charge, come twice a week for criticism and direction in drawing from geometrical solids, object and cast drawing, conventionalization of natural forms, perspective and free drawing, and the use of instruments, the beginnings of architectural drawing. The class-rooms are a pleasant place to visit. The light, airy rooms, filled with busy students, the casts lining the walls, the gay daffodils and tulips, or delicate roses and pansies, the objects of the designers' efforts; the quiet, cheerful hum of voices—all help to create an atmosphere which is at once delightful and far away from the rush and roar of the street without. And here the young girl, if she is over sixteen, and the older woman can strive every day for nearly eight months, until "the end crowns the work."

The designs produced while under instruction in the advanced departments remain the property of the individual student, and she is at liberty to sell them—if she can. The school tries to help the scholars to sell their designs by bringing them to the notice of the manufacturers, although it does not accept any commission for such sales. Many students have already been able to help themselves in this way. The length of the advanced courses is two years, and at the end of the three years, including the preparatory year, a certificate is given the student. The class in designing of wall papers is under the charge of Mr. Paul Greube, a man of marked ability. The department of application of design to carpets is instructed by Mr. Macnab, from W. J. Sloane & Co. Carpet and rug designs are especially difficult, and consequently better paid, as the technicalities of weaving must be first mastered, and these differ with each different kind of carpeting or rug. Mr. T. H. Wilberg has supervision of the silk department.

The third regular advanced class is that which trains the young woman in the work of the architect's draftsman, under the care of Mr. Hewlett, Mr. A. W. Lord, from the firm of McKim, Mead & White, having taken a similar position in the College of Architecture in Rome. The instruction here includes free-hand, linear, pen and pencil drawing, and the study of building materials and construction, architectural orders, details and plans, while heating, ventilating, and plumbing are not forgotten. Women are by instinct home builders, and the study of domestic architecture is especially suited to them. Almost every day one will find a large class working away on plans for colonial houses, seaside cottages or modest homes, or even attempting a hospital. Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith remains in the corps of teachers.

Each year there is given a course of lectures and teaching in historic ornament by Miss Wilson, formerly of Cooper Institute. It begins with the decorations of primitive times and continues down through the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman styles to the present day. This course is important, and is required of every student.

The cost of instruction in this school is moderate. The tuition for the year, including the course in historic ornament, is fifty dollars. If the student can only take a term at a time it costs twenty dollars per term, or sixty dollars for the three terms. From twelve to fifteen dollars will supply the necessary materials for one year, which the student is aided to buy at wholesale rates from the dealers. There are several money prizes given by individuals, by the school and by business firms, each year, in the various departments, for the best original designs, and also five scholarships of fifty dollars each, which greatly aid the fortunate winners. The school has an excellent library and a fine collection of casts and photographs at the service of its students.

There are also several special courses, any one of which costs twenty dollars per term. Mr.

De Longpre has the course in water-colors, Mr. Henry Parkhurst, from Tiffany & Co., the class in designing of book covers. It is intended to add to these other special courses, such as designing applied to metal work, stained glass, wood carving, and fresco painting, whenever the growth of the school may warrant it.

Four gold medals were awarded the school's designs by the World's Fair, and three by the San Francisco Midwinter Exposition. The students have furnished plans for a number of public buildings in other cities, and have filled orders for leading New York firms. The first class of graduates, who finished in June last, have obtained positions with architects and similar art firms.

This school has been so successful that Mrs. Hopkins, its founder and leading director, has been invited to England to establish a school on the same principles in London, in connection with the Royal School of Art Needle Work, which is to have for patronesses the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and other royalties.

AGNES BAILEY ORMSBEE.

Treasures.

LAST Fourth his kilts, long scorned, were proudly changed

For little knee-pants. "Now I'm big," he said;
And thro' the day, fresh shorn of the gold curls,
Went, like a downy ball, his boyish head.

"Oh, I'm so busy!" many times he lisped,
Standing a moment at my side, and then,
With fire-crackers and small piece of punk,
Held in his moist, warm hands, was off again.

And here and there the crackers snapped and whizzed;

Often with sly pretense of sudden fright
At their erratic course, I jumped aside,
Much to the laddie's wonder and delight;

And oft with kisses I was urged to join,
Regardless of my graver years, his play;
To make the punk burn or to bravely touch
A string of fuses off—so passed the day.

One pack left over for another Fourth;
Within this box he placed them, safe to keep—
And here they are, but his sweet, blessed hand
Will never wake their genii-charmed sleep—

And of the grief to see them thus untouched
And silent, while the bitter tears outflow,
And their red, pathetic rows rain down,
Why, only mothers like bereft can know.

Thro' the turned blind I see the merry lads
In all their play, as played mine own brave lad;
And happy mothers watch them as I watched—
And here I sit, alone, bereft and sad.

Oh, little bunch of crackers! for the love
Of the small hands that put you here to lie,
Waiting another year's bright jubilee,
A king's great golden ransom cannot buy.
M. PHELPS DAWSON.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE KIEL CELEBRATION.

No foreign event of recent years has attracted the attention which attached to the opening of the North Sea-Baltic Canal. In a sense it was an event of world-wide interest, because it brought together representatives of the navies of all the great Powers to celebrate the completion of an enterprise which must contribute to the welfare of all. The German Emperor expressed this thought when he said in his address at the banquet which followed the naval review: "We open to the peaceful intercourse of nations, one with another, the locks of the canal, and it will be a source of joyful satisfaction to us if a constantly increasing utilization of the work bears witness that the intention with which we have been guided has not alone been understood, but has also proved fruitful in advancing the welfare of the peoples." The naval display at Kiel exceeded any similar display of the kind ever witnessed, and it is gratifying to know that the American vessels were especial objects of interest and admiration. In the pyrotechnic and electric display of the evening of the *fête* day, they are said to have attracted chief attention. The *New York*, the temporary flag-ship of the squadron, had a magnificent design, sixty feet long, against her funnels. It read: "America sends hearty greeting to Germany upon the completion of the canal." Set pieces, pictures of the Emperor and President Cleveland, each forty feet square, were also displayed.

DIVERSIONS OF ENGLISH VARSITY CREWS.

We give a timely picture of diversions of the English university crews at Oxford, at the close of a race on the Thames. The *London Graphic* describes the scene depicted in these words: "When the boats have passed the winning posts, which are some distance beyond the barges, the crews paddle slowly back to their barge boat-house to be cheered (or not) on their arrival. The crowd which has been running on the tow-path alongside them returns, too; and then, out of pure lightness of heart, its members spend a very happy half-hour in familiarizing each other with the closer acquaintance of the Isis. It is thought the right

thing to throw one another into the water, if possible; and if only a punt can be overturned, or an eight, then the moment is complete with enjoyment. Small boats which are returning from the starting-point or the finishing-post share in this carnival, which is a very pleasant thing in warm weather, and designed to remove quickly any undue stiffness on the part of accidental participants."

A MILITARY SALUTE.

Another of our pictures shows the method of making a salute at the Royal Military Encampment at Aldershot. The men drop suddenly prostrate on the ground, and then lifting their rigid bodies, lower them several times in succession by pure force of muscle. The spectacle is apt to provoke amusement at first, but this soon changes to admiration on the part of beholders.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

August Races at Newport.

SOME time ago Newport, Rhode Island, was spoken of in these columns as the future Coves of America. All arrangements have now been completed for a series of races in August at that charming and popular port; the conditions governing them settled, as well as prizes and the courses to be sailed. This apparently establishes the racing week as a regular annual affair.

The contests this year will begin on the day after the return of the New York Yacht Club fleet from the eastward—Vineyard Haven. Thus the first of the series will take place on or about August 7th. Boats belonging to any recognized yacht club are eligible to sail, and under the direction of the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club.

Following are the important conditions to govern: Schooners in cruising trim to race the first day. Sloops, cutters, and yawls in cruising trim second day. Schooners in racing trim third day. Sloops, cutters, and yawls in racing trim fourth day.

These are the classes and prizes for each:

SCHOONERS.

First Class.—Over 80 feet racing length; \$300 to the first and \$120 to the second.

Second Class.—Under 80 feet and over 70 feet racing length; \$250 to the first and \$100 to the second.

Third Class.—Under 70 feet racing length; \$200 to the first and \$80 to the second.

SLOOPS, CUTTERS, AND YAWLS.

First Class.—Over 80 feet racing length; \$400 to the first and \$160 to the second.

Second Class.—Over 60 feet and under 70 feet racing length; \$300 to the first and \$80 to the second.

Third Class.—Over 50 feet and under 60 feet racing length; \$150 to the first and \$60 to the second.

Fourth Class.—Over 43 feet and under 50 feet racing length; \$100 to the first and \$40 to the second.

Fifth Class.—Over 43 feet; \$50 to the first and \$20 to the second.

Second prizes will be given in the event only of four or more starting in any one class.

Classification must be up to the requirements for representation in the New York Yacht Club.

The course for all classes will be an equilateral one, the angles of which are formed by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy, and a buoy placed by the committee off shore and to the eastward of the point.

The committee, on the day previous to races, will furnish starting signals, compass-bearings of marks, and other details.

All the schooner classes and one and two of sloops, cutters, and yawls, will sail over the course twice, according to the English idea. Other classes of sloops and yawls will sail once around.

Though the course will remain unchanged during the series, the committee will endeavor to start all races as much to windward as possible, the start being at Brenton's Reef Lightship.

Entries must be made twenty-four hours prior to the start of each race, and should be addressed to the Regatta Committee, New York Yacht Club, Newport, Rhode Island.

AN AVOIDABLE ACCIDENT.

The Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia race would have been a matter of history not later than 5:30 on the afternoon of Friday, June 21st, had the courtesies which should mark the conduct of craft of all kinds which attended the affair been observed. It was, however, a case of every fellow for himself, and the frail shell had no chance whatsoever. If ever a boat needs unruffled waters that boat is a racing-shell. Heavy swells which a monster tug raises carry death with them, and so it came about that the Pennsylvania boat was badly battered, and in consequence was rendered unfit to start the race. This accident caused disappointment to

several thousand people, who retired from the scene pretty well disgusted.

Cornell was the favorite with the masses, and the exhibition which Columbia gave in rowing to their quarters when the race had been declared postponed till Monday, June 24th, showed conclusively that, so far as her chances with Cornell were concerned, the blue-and-white oarsmen were out of it. So far as Pennsylvania was concerned—though they did not get a chance to show their form—it seemed to be the general belief that they were better than reported, and would give Cornell the row of their lives. Cornell men, however, were most sanguine of victory. Indeed, their men were in such fine physical condition, and the conditions for fast rowing were so good, that they hoped to establish almost a record, or if not, to come within a few seconds of the record time—twenty minutes, ten seconds—which the 1888 Yale crew made at New London.

The appointments for the race were simply fine, the many high places along the shore affording excellent views, and the West Shore Railroad observation-train showed that it could afford a far better view of a four-mile race than the railroad line at New London.

In fact, the course and its surroundings impressed those present so favorably that comments were many to the effect that all future college rowing contests would be decided there. This, however, seemed too rosy a view, for the fact must be considered that New London offers opportunities for sailing craft and vessels of all descriptions which Poughkeepsie never could.

Following are some interesting statistics of the Cornell crew, favorite in the betting.

Position.	Name.	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Bow	E. C. Slade, '96	5-10	165	21
2	W. B. Christwell, '97	5-8	160	24
3	C. S. Moore, '98	5-10½	160	18
4	E. A. Crawford, '97	5-9	175	22
5	F. Johnson, '98	6-0½	160	19
6	W. B. Sanborn, '95	6	170	22
7	L. L. Tatum, '97	5-10	156	21
Stroke	Capt. H. C. Troy, '95	5-11	163	25
Coxswain, R. T. Richardson; weight, 111 pounds.				
Substitutes—Smith, '97; Tauesig, '97; Inslee, '98; Jeffers, '98.				

CORNELL "SHORT" IN HER STROKE.

Apocryph of Cornell and her Henley crew it may be of interest to remark that they are daily improving under the careful coaching of Courtney and Mr. Francis; and while English rowing critics seem unfavorably impressed with their style of rowing, they are going ahead serenely and confidently.

The gravest criticism, up to this time, which these critics have made is that their stroke is too short; that is to say, they do not reach out enough in order to give the blades a hold of the water far enough forward. And there is much truth in this, too; so much, in fact, as to lead one to doubt the ability of the Americans to hold their English cousins, once the race is under full headway. Last year the Yale crew were undoubtedly rowing "short," and this fact would have counted heavily against them had the Harvard crew been anywhere near their equals. So far as "form" goes, nothing can be said detrimental to Cornell in comparison to any of the crews entered for the grand challenge-cup race, and if they lose, it will be more on account of the shortness of their stroke than all other things combined.

THE COLLEGE BASE-BALL SEASON.

The Yale nine deserve no little credit for the winning fight which they have made against adverse circumstances. It does not seem probable that they will lose the second game with Harvard, inasmuch as the first was won on the home grounds of the crimson men.

Hence their record at the close of the season will be an enviable one, made particularly brilliant from the fact that the extra strong Princeton nine succumbed twice in succession. It has been a long while since the Tigers have placed in the field a nine of the batting and fielding strength of this year's nine.

With Carter of Yale in first-class shape, experts and others looked for a possible Yale victory at least in the New Haven game with Princeton. Few thought, however, that Trudeau could fill Carter's shoes, and the glowing fact that he did is glory enough for any two men.

Where Yale proved herself unusually strong was in her batting at opportune times, and Carter, though he could not help out in the box, was able to play in the field, and by his great stick work contribute largely to victory.

The story of the breakdown of Carter is well known, and should prove a lesson to those ambitious to win glory in the early season, while the throwing arm is yet unused to the extra exertion. Had the Yale men not been able to bat more than passing well the accident to Carter would have meant defeat surely at the hands of the Princeton men. Thus, in a way, Carter himself would have had to bear the brunt of the blame. But all's well that ends well, and the Yale nine must be ranked easily first of the amateur teams of 1895, with Princeton

a strong second, and Williams, Brown, and Pennsylvania fighting hard for third honors.

For the ensuing year at Princeton, Bradley has been chosen by his mates to the captaincy. This year Bradley showed himself a strong fielder and a superb batter. He will undoubtedly prove a worthy successor to former Captain Brooks.

Harvard's showing, on the whole, was distressingly poor, even though she had in Highlands a first-class pitcher, equal to the best of the amateurs, with the proper backing. The play of Tennis Champion Wrenn at second for Harvard is deserving of much favorable comment. The fair name he made for himself in foot-ball last fall he only made more brilliant, and proved conclusively that he is an all-round man of the first water.

W. T. Bull.

The Liberal Downfall in England.

THE downfall of the Liberal government in England has not been unexpected, but it came somewhat sooner than its friends anticipated. It came over an item of the army estimates, when the Commons, by a majority of seven, decided to cut down the salary of the minister of war by five hundred dollars. That official at once resigned, and two days later Lord Rosebery tendered the resignation of the ministry and Lord Salisbury was summoned by the Queen to form a new Cabinet.

The unexpectedness of this result is shown by the fact that at the moment of the division in the Commons there was, according to the Liberal whips, a majority of sixteen for the government. Subsequently it was asked where the missing members were. Some of them had slipped out of the House unseen. The whips were lounging and smoking on the terrace overlooking the Thames. Others had gone away, thinking that matters were all right. As a matter of fact, the party were caught napping. Some members of the Liberal party felt that, under the circumstances, the ministers would be justified in holding on, but the majority argued that it would be unwise to persist in a struggle in which the conditions were increasingly hostile to the permanency of their tenure in office. It is said that the Queen accepted Lord Rosebery's resignation as she did that of Mr. Gladstone—without the expression of reluctance with which she favored Lord Salisbury when he retired from office. It has been repeatedly said, and as often denied, that Lord Rosebery was anxious to drop the cares of office, and it was thought probable by many persons that he would retire during or after his recent illness, without waiting for an adverse vote in the House of Commons. This tended to weaken the administration. It was also said that there was considerable friction between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, who had at one time been regarded by many as Mr. Gladstone's legitimate successor in the premiership. Mr. Gladstone's alleged disagreement with the Liberal policy also operated against the government.

In the contest which will follow, the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists will co-operate, and the probabilities are that they will carry the day.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

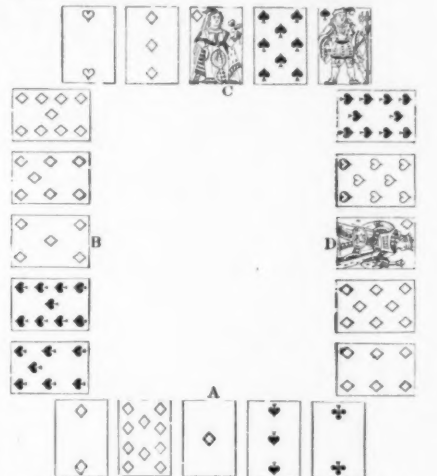
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 21, as was anticipated, puzzled some of our best whistites, who were not looking for such a wholesale slaughter of the high cards. A leads with king of trumps, which C captures with ace and returns the four. D discards king and queen of clubs, so A also throws away club ace. C takes the next trick with club three, D discards heart eight, and A the ace, so as to give C the last two tricks in hearts. It was properly mastered by Messrs. H. Abrahams, "P. H. B.," J. Barnett, S. G. Clark, J. W. Crawford, H. Coleman, W. Christie, H. Daly, H. W. Ernst, R. G. Fitzgerald, W. Fitch,

H. Frank, C. N. Gowen, H. Gilley, W. Howard, F. Hanse, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, C. Kreuse, G. Loomis, C. H. Martins, Mrs. H. T. Memner, A. McAlpin, C. Nefuss, August Odebrecht Jr., J. Paul, H. W. Pickett, W. Quick, H. Robinson, Porter Stafford, "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, T. Stewart, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, G. Thorne, W. Young, and T. Zerrega.

The following contribution from Miss E. C., of Plainfield, illustrating as pretty a line of play as we have ever seen, is given as Problem No. 25.

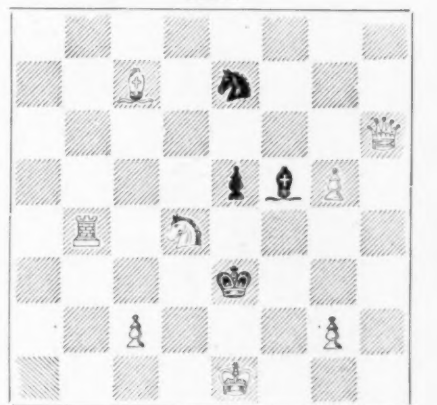


Clubs trumps. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 20. BY WALTER PULTZER.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above problem, by one of our most gifted composers, has become noted as a position which completely baffled ex-champion Steinitz, who was fain to give it up as unsolvable.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 18. BY BAUER.

White. 1 B to K B 5! Black. 1 K takes Kt.
2 R takes Kt mate.

Correct solutions were received from Messrs. W. L. Fogg, T. Cox, P. Hubbard, G. M. Ross, Jr., Porter Stafford, "Ivanhoe," C. V. Smith, W. E. Hayward, R. Rogers, W. Marsh, E. M. Hale, S. R. Lessing, B. Worth, G. E. Smart, T. Hewitt, A. Odebrecht, Jr., R. G. Fitzgerald, J. Hannan, Dr. Baldwin, P. Hubbard, H. Walcott, G. E. Ernest, and C. W. Hause. All others gave solutions to which proper defenses can be found if carefully examined. Many of our experts were tripped up on this remarkable problem, and will therefore have to reconsider their criticisms.

Of course the queen in Problem No. 20 is supposed to be on the side of the attacking party.

Good News for Asthmatics.

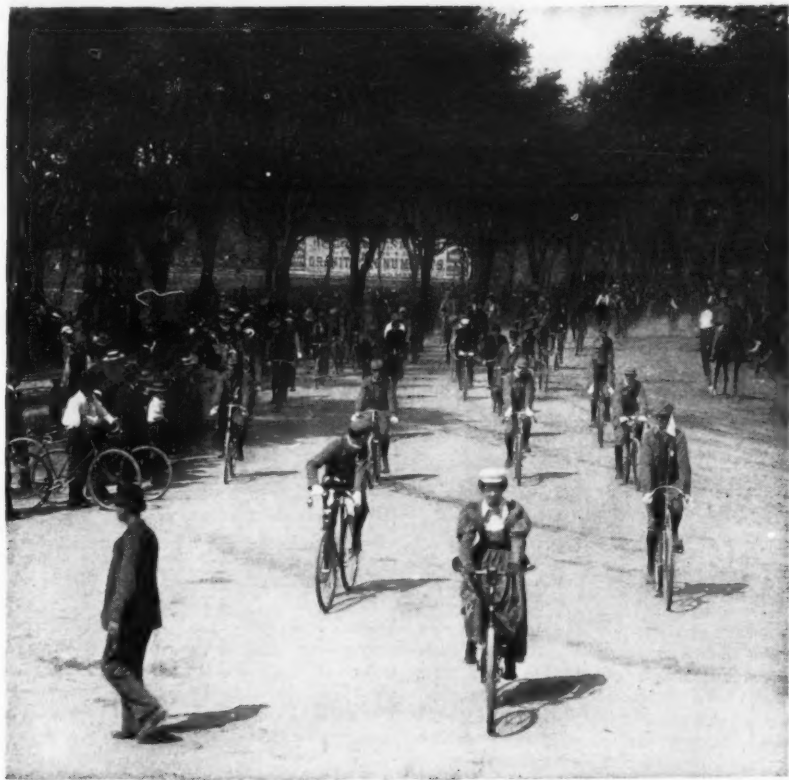
We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB—DETACHMENT OF THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

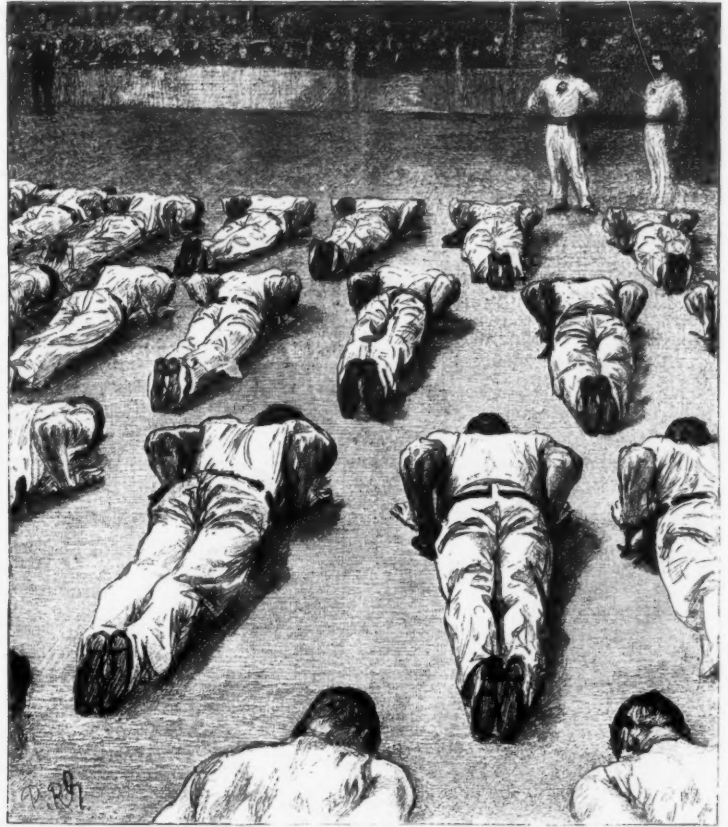


THE WOLFF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

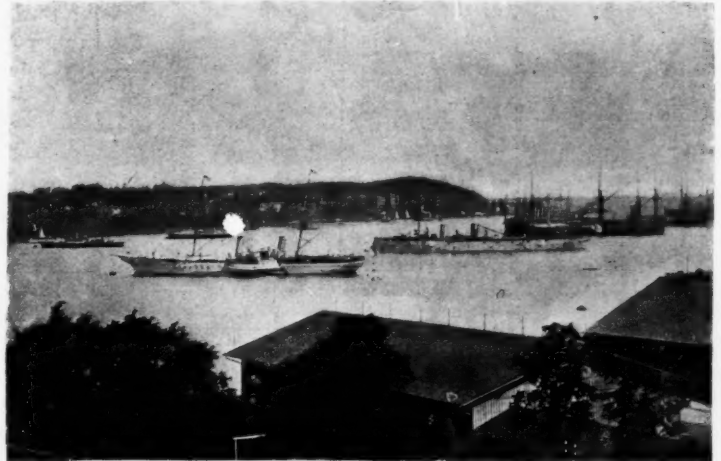
TEN THOUSAND BICYCLERS PARADE IN BROOKLYN ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE NEW BICYCLE PATH FROM PROSPECT PARK TO CONEY ISLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE P. HALL & SONS.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



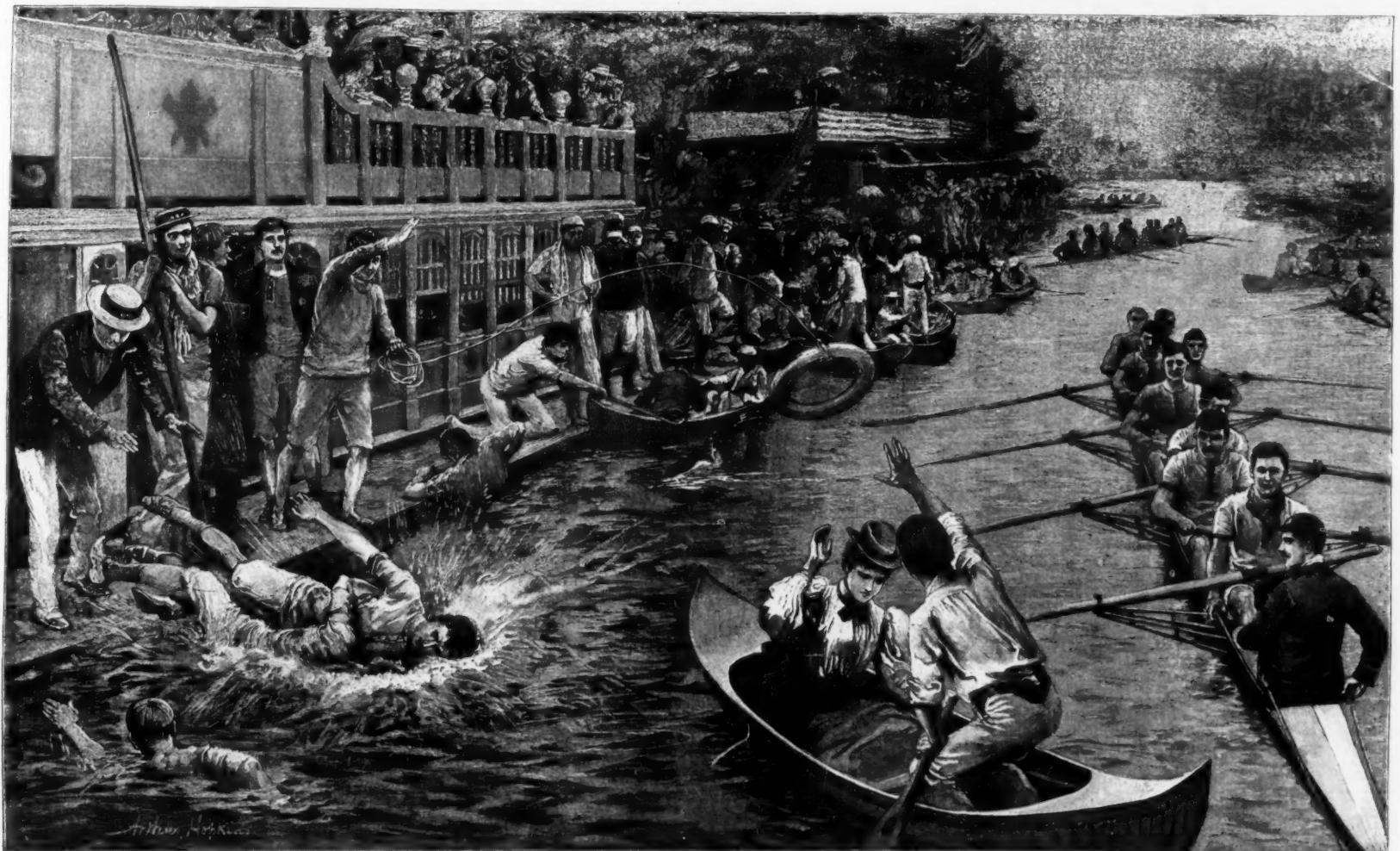
THE BICYCLING FAD IN ENGLAND—ARISTOCRATIC CYCLING IN BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON.
From Black and White.



A SALUTE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT ALDERSHOT.—London Graphic.



THE VISITING FLEETS ASSEMBLING IN KIEL HARBOR FOR THE OPENING OF THE
BAL TIC CANAL.—From Black and White.



DIVERSIONS OF ENGLISH 'VARSITY CREWS—SCENE ON THE THAMES AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST DAY'S RACING OF THE OXFORD SUMMER EIGHTS.—London Graphic.

Mr. HEWITT is not wise in his remark that the Democratic party needs a new birth. What it needs is a new funeral, and it ought to have it every three months.—*Judge*.

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LOW RATES TO DENVER.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will place on sale at all ticket-offices on its lines east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and Pueblo, for all trains of July 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th valid from starting-point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 12th to 15th inclusive. The rate from New York will be \$47.75, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents by Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

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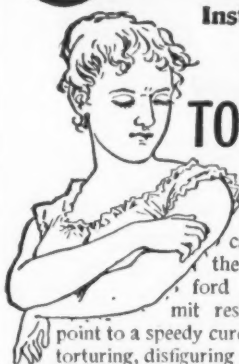
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"The Campaign of Trafalgar."
HAMILTON AIDÉ, "A Song."
I. ZANGWILL, "Without Prejudice."
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P. WOODROFFE, PERCY REEVE, NORMAN
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BARD, ABBEY ALTON, L. BAUMER, "R.A.B.",
etc., etc.

Three full-page plates are included in the
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"BELLE OF NELSON."



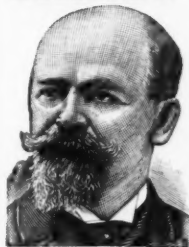
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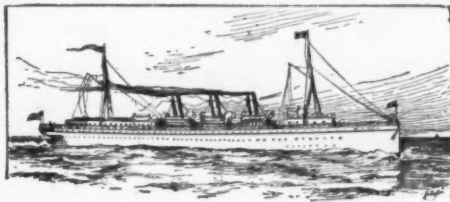
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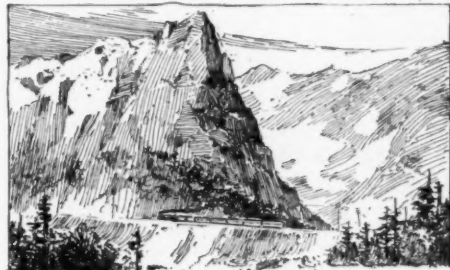
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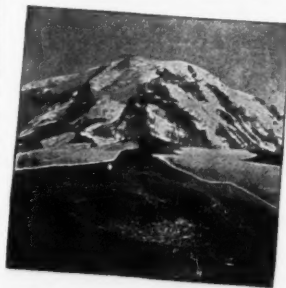


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